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A Terrible State of Chassis

For the Opposition to kick up a fuss about parliament's going into recess for three months with the world in such a 'terrible state of chassis' is common form in the last week of every July. Yet last Tuesday's Commons debate on the motion for the long adjournment, followed by the all-night sitting on the Consolidated Fund, carried overtones of feeling which transformed the annual charade into a manifestation of genuine urgency.

And why not? In Congo UN forces (including Commonwealth contingents) are at this moment trying to stamp out the flame of racial war which, if it spread, could quickly envelop the whole continent. In Kenya, as evidence mounts of renewed oath-taking among the Kikuyu, reserves of British troops are being flown in. Their purpose is not clear: a situation can be imagined in which a reserve of troops in East and Central Africa, under the direct control of London, could play a crucial and beneficent role. But no one should disregard Tom Mboya's warning that, in the light of Congo, their presence is 'bound to cause a great deal of confusion, fear and suspicion'. Southwards from Congo and Kenya lies the Central African Federation, geographically at least the barrier of comparative racial tranquillity which, till now, has shut off the rest of Africa from the brutalities of the Union. This week, in Southern Rhodesia, Africans have been killed by whites: once again the territory is gripped in a state of emergency, and so moderate a political leader as Garfield Todd is driven by sheer sense of danger to appeal to Britain to suspend the constitution. In Lancaster House, London, the delegates from Nyasaland discuss with Mr Macleod the progress towards early self-government – and thus inevitably eventual independence – of their piece of the Federation. On the success or failure of these talks the racial future of Central Africa depends.

In all these momentous, far-off issues, decisions taken by the London government must play a vital part. Yet here in London parliament drifts into impotent recess, scarcely knowing even the composition of the new Cabinet which is nominally responsible. But the crises of Africa are not local and predictable affairs which will wait on the exigencies of the grouse-moor. On the contrary, as Africa sweats out its painful year of destiny, the era of comparative amiability between East and West has ended. K. S. Karol shows convincingly on another page that the tactical change to which Soviet policy is committed amounts largely to the decision to exploit the colonial revolution to the direct discomfort and danger of the West. At this perilous juncture, the US finds itself without an effective government – and now Britain is to be effectively without a parliament.

All credit then to those MPs on both sides of the Commons who joined in Tuesday's protests. Indeed, not the least interesting feature of this last week has been the manifest discontent and restlessness of Tory back-benchers. In the world outside, the carefully constructed image of Macwonder, which has served the Tories so well since Suez, still maintains much of its gloss. In Westminster, however, the mask is slipping: power in real life is increasingly seen by both sides of the Commons to lie in the hands of Macblunder. What an opportunity now exists for the Opposition to tear the mask away!

Nothing can stop parliament going into recess—at least for the next few weeks. But it is for Mr Gaitskell to ensure that the government is compelled to submit its business – and its ministers – to the earliest possible parliamentary scrutiny. During the last election the Labour Party maintained at Transport House (and available to journalists for daily comment and questioning) a 'tactical HQ' of senior Executive members. Why should not a similar device be employed again? It is of national, perhaps of international, importance that the voice of Labour should be heard whether or not the government silences the House of Commons.

Comments on the Week's News

Malta

A Lesson Unlearnt

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: Even Mr Macleod, the most liberal Conservative Colonial Secretary for 20 years, does not seem to have learnt the first principle of colonial rule, though it was surely proved in Cyprus. His proposal to set up a commission to recommend a new constitution for Malta might have been constructive if it had been based on a guarantee that the Maltese, like all other peoples, possess the right of self-determination, which sooner rather than later they are entitled to put into practice. But Mr Macleod specifically refused in the House of Commons to give this pledge. Taken together with the Conservative outlook of both Sir Hilary Blood and Sir Alfred Roberts, the named members of the Commission, this refusal is likely to render the proposal abortive. Mr Mintoff, the last Maltese Prime Minister, and his Labour Party may well be advised on practical grounds to present strong and detailed evidence to the commission in order to confront the British government with a constructive plan for Malta's future; without the pledge of self-determination, however, they are unlikely to do so. Mintoff may even be so tactless as to ask why Malta should be offered fewer powers than the comparable island of Singapore.

Ceylon

Madam Prime Minister

A Special Correspondent in Colombo writes: Last week's election results suggest that the peasantry are still solid for the late Solomon Bandaranaike. The Sri Lanka Freedom Party, led by Bandaranaike's widow, which emerged the governing party with a clear majority of 45 seats was also helped, though how much it is uncertain, by its electoral pacts with the Trotskyite Lanka Sama Samaja Party and the Communist Party of Ceylon. The list of the new Cabinet, with the Prime Minister herself holding portfolios of Defence and External Affairs, shows that she and her advisers assumed that no seat was owed to either of these two parties. As for the government's policy, some indication was given in an interview by Mr Dias, one of the Prime Minister's closest advisers. He gave an unqualified assurance that there would be no nationalisation or expropriation of foreign-owned tea and rubber estates now or in the future; there would, on the other hand, be 'Ceylonisation'.

The first comment on the election results is perhaps that the people of Ceylon had realised the perils confronting the nation if they did not give a working majority to one of the two democratic parties – the Sri Lanka Freedom Party or the United National Party. Since the bulk of the Freedom Party's support came from rural Ceylon, it could also be argued that the anti-Marxist propaganda put across so effectively by the United National Party convinced the conservative Ceylon paddy farmer that his salvation rests in the hands of a centre party, able to stand on its own without support from the Marxists. The elections were not fought on real economic issues. While the Sri Lanka Freedom Party exploited the popular memory of Mr Bandaranaike, which has an almost magnetic appeal among the workers and peasants of this little island, the United National Party sought to divert its attention to the dangers of Marxism and the possible division of the country into separate Tamil and Sinhalese states. The United National Party made capital out of the pacts with the Trotskyists and the Communists; and at the beginning of the campaign they made an attempt to rouse the national sentiments of the Sinhalese people by making it out that the Sri Lanka Freedom Party had entered into a secret pact with the Tamil Federal Party. This attempt ended in failure after Mrs Bandaranaike challenged Mr Senanayake, the leader of the UNP, to prove this allegation.

The unpopularity of the United National Party started with Mr Bandaranaike's description of it in 1956 as 'a party of capitalists whose government was no different to the government of the British imperialists'. Still, it is the second largest party, and its total votes – 1,143,290 – is the largest secured by any single party. The Freedom Party polled 1,022,154 votes.

The Labour Party

Unity or Uproar?

A Political Correspondent writes: Whether Scarborough's bracing air or its chill waters will seem to the Labour Party the more appropriate symbol of its 59th annual conference – to be held there in October – is now more than ever an open question. Of the conference's 435 published resolutions almost exactly half deal with Clause Four and defence, and while it may seem that the executive's climb-down on the former has brushed the dust of that battle under the carpet, this is by no means certain. The executive may want its addendum forgotten, but it still remains in its report. To judge from the tenor of the 'fundamentalist' resolutions, there is a strong possibility that it will not be allowed to rest in peace, in which event there is an equally strong possibility that the platform will be defeated. On defence there are 162 resolutions, a hundred of them unilateralist. Here it might seem inevitable that the platform would find its planks disappearing beneath it, especially since the Transport and General Workers have set down an amendment to the new party policy. It is important to remember, however, that the bulk of the resolutions were drawn-up before the new policy was published. Since this policy will seem to many party members a genuine advance which offers the possibility of unity, second thoughts may dominate the debate. On the face of it even Mr. Cousins' amendment may seem to differ more in nuance from party policy, rather than to reflect a difference in basic principle. But since Mr Cousins and Mr Gaitskell are, in fact, poles apart, the form of words taken by both the policy statement and the amendment represent the extremities of compromise. In this situation, the nuance could become explosive. What is clear is that it is no longer possible to be certain of the conference's decisions on either of these questions by the simple calculation of votes taken before the executive's recent policy statements. Before it meets, the conference will have the chance of studying two documents prepared by Mr Morgan Phillips. The first *(This Is The Labour Party)* is published this week: it recalls the party's achievements and declares its purpose in general terms. The other, entitled *The Future of the Party*, will appear in about a fortnight's time. Useful though these publications may be, however, it will not be until the crucial debates have taken place in Scarborough that the real future of the party, its leadership and its policy, can be decided. Would defeats for the platform on Clause Four and defence, for example, be an impossible humiliation for Mr Gaitskell? This question is not answered by Mr Morgan Phillips's unexpected release on Wednesday of an executive document on the relation between the conference and the parliamentary party, which was already the subject of an USDAW resolution. To assert at this time that conference's function is to offer 'opinions' is bound to exacerbate feelings.

Common Market

No Man is an Island

An Economic Correspondent writes: A handful of middle-aged Demochristians and enthusiastic young bureaucrats decided immediately after the last war that Europe must be united. When their plan was ripe, the politicians and the big businessmen were given the Treaty of Rome to sign; they liked it. Europe is moving towards unity even more rapidly since it openly acknowledged the goal ahead.

This open acknowledgement of a common purpose has confronted Britain with the need to choose. The choice, now that our negotiating advantage has been frittered away, is simple and intolerably difficult: we go in, or we stay out. The nicest thing, of course, would still to be rich, influential and independent. The next nicest thing would be to live as if we were, eking out our income with capital, allowing the house to decay slowly and genteelly around us. But the brisk neo-Europeans have made this quiet alternative impracticable, facing us rudely with an undraped dilemma.

Go in, perhaps? That means parting with sovereignty in a much more real sense than the United Nations or the International Monetary Fund has ever expected, abandoning our special part, agreeing to be one voice among others, submitting our own notions about welfare, employment and work to the arbitration of the majority. Stay out? That almost certainly means a decline in economic and political importance, not merely relative – though that is serious enough in a bored, keeping-up-with-the-Jones's society – but possibly absolute.

It is a momentous – and almost impossible – choice; yet Monday's debate suggests that in reality it has already been made. Admittedly the backbenchers were much more outspoken than the leaders of the Government or the opposition, and only the Liberals were prepared to vote for going into Europe at once. Admittedly Mr Lloyd and Mr Wilson both tried to snuggle back into dreamland whenever they could – touching on Britain's special role as mediator between East and West referring gravely to the risks which

middle-aged men run when they try to compete with athletes. But both were ready to pass quickly over the conventional pretexts for doing nothing (the Commonwealth, agriculture, our duty to our partners in the Seven) to the need to choose, and both agreed that sooner or later we must choose to go in – though not quite yet.

Most people seem agreed on the economic issue. Cut off from the Six, Britain will gradually lose ground in her most rapidly growing export market, lose investment capital to countries which are already spending much more on investment than are we, lose many of the advantages of mass production: falling behind, relatively if not absolutely, she will be forced more and more to live on memories and illusions. But there is no agreement on the political issue. Going into Europe means a larger say in the affairs of Europe, but it also means giving up part of the Englishman's traditional independence, risking the future of the welfare state, and even being forced to go along with the world when it goes a way we dislike. Balancing these heavy values against one another is difficult, and the negotiators are tired with their effort: an interval will at least help them to think a little more realistically about the political equation than was possible while the economic one remained unsolved.

India

More Russian Oil

Our Correspondent in Delhi writes: The recent Indo-Soviet agreement for the supply of 1.5 million tons of kerosene and diesel oil to India is significant in view of the Soviet offer of oil at a lower price than the three western oil refineries in the country are charging. The position that arises from the Soviet offer has features which are similar to what has been noted in Cuba. The kerosene and diesel oil are at a price that, according to the Minister of Mines and Fuel, compares favourably with world price. Even so the cost to India will be of the order of Rs 200 million. The burden will not, however, be very heavy, because payment will be made in rupees, and will involve no strain on India's difficult foreign exchange position.

The Soviet offer of crude oil is said to be at 25 per cent less than world price. Here again, as in other deals with the USSR, payment will be in rupees. That makes it particularly tempting from the Indian standpoint. The western oil companies have, however, expressed unwillingness to process Russian crude in their refineries here. But one of them, Burmah Shell, has offered a cut of 7.5 per cent in the price of refined products. Standard-Vacuum has followed with an announcement that its refinery at Bombay would purchase, from sources of its own choice, crude oil 'at substantially lower rates than before'. The new price will be 15 cents or a little over Rs .71 lower per barrel of crude, roughly equal to an 8.5 per cent cut in the price of petroleum products. It is expected that Caltex will follow suit.

The government of India is not satisfied with the cuts announced, and it proposes to take up the question further with the companies in order to arrive at a mutually acceptable price formula. On behalf of the companies it has been pointed out that two reductions have already been made under the existing formula. This formula is due to expire on 31 March 1961, and it is doubtful if the government will extend it.

It is expected that in its negotiations with the companies for a price formula, the government will refer to the larger concession offered to Cuba, namely 88 cents less per barrel, which is estimated to work out at about 35 per cent. The spokesmen of the oil companies here explain, however, that prices in this area are governed by the agreements and contracts entered into with west Asian countries, and do not therefore permit of a reduction similar to the one offered to Cuba. But in view of a world surplus, this is not a convincing argument from the buyer's point of view. Even though it is recognised here that the companies are within their legal rights to refuse to change their sources of supply, the offer of cheaper crude from Russia in these hard times seems too good for India to let go.

Not everybody is convinced that the Soviet offer is purely commercial, and free from other motives. If it is correct that the Russians are revolutionising their fuel and power policy, and relying less and less on large hydro-electric installations and more and more on oil, observers wonder if they will have a surplus sufficient to meet their commitments to non-Communist buyers. Also, those who believe that Russia's low-price offers are part of Mr Krushchev's 'trade offensive' and 'war by other means' campaign, point to reports that the Soviet Union is selling oil to western European countries at 63 roubles, and to eastern European, Communist-bloc countries at 86 roubles. According to these sources, even the rupee payment will not be an unmixed blessing; it will return to India in the form of more trouble, political as well as economic.

Moscow

The Yogis and the Commissars

Our Moscow Correspondent reports: At a time when the idea of 'peaceful co-existence' with the non-Communist world is under severe strain, Russia's relations with India have never been, and could not be, better. For the Soviet Union, as *Izvestia* pointed out recently, these relations are a model of the way states with different social systems, whose views on many subjects are far from identical, can 'co-exist peacefully'.

For India the salient point in her relations with the Soviet Union is the latter's acceptance of her as a fully independent power. References to India as a pawn of Britain, to the City's indirect control of its economy, to Nehru and even to Mahatma Gandhi as agents of imperialism, have been excised from textbooks, and today it would probably be difficult to find one Russian in a thousand who knew that India was a member of the Commonwealth. There are, of course, objective reasons for this change, but much credit is due to the work of the highly-experienced diplomat K. P. S. Menon who has been in charge of the Indian embassy in Moscow for eight years and whom Delhi has for the third time recently found to be 'irreplaceable'. Under his ambassadorship the Indian embassy has become the embassy most frequented by leading Soviet statesmen in Moscow, and a unique relation has been established with them from which Indo-Soviet affairs have benefited considerably. It is through this diplomatic channel too that Nehru's views on current international questions have been sought and received in Moscow.

The Soviet Union is more heavily involved in India's national economy than it is with any other land outside its own camp; and this involvement is of a peculiarly varied nature. True, it is confined to the public sector as far as investment and the supply of plant, services and the training of personnel is concerned: here it is of vital importance to the fulfilment of India's 'Socialistic pattern' in such crucial fields as steel, oil production and refining, machine-building, the pharmaceutical products which India will have to make for herself if the national health services are to benefit the masses, and, perhaps, nuclear energy.

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Singapore

Looking for £25m

A Special Correspondent writes: The Singapore Finance Minister's present visit to Britain to seek financial aid begins a crucial phase in his government's struggle to solve the territory's economic problem. Briefly put, this is to create a rapidly expanding industrial economy able to bring work to 30,000 already unemployed whose number will be doubled by 1963 if the economy stays static. After the People's Action Party won their overwhelming victory a year ago, foreign capital virtually boycotted Singapore. But in recent months, as the PAP has shown its realism and ability, financiers and manufacturers have begun to get interested. About a dozen considerable new enterprises are now planned for Singapore, including oil refineries (with British and Japanese capital), a refrigerator factory (French capital), an aluminium works, and a plant to roll steel out of scrap from salvaged ships (Japanese and Indonesian capital). But the rate of private investment which now seems in sight is still only half the necessary £25m a year.

Hence the core of the imaginatively conceived Five Year Plan is the atrraction of much more foreign and domestic capital by creating a carefully planned industrial infrastructure. A wide area of the island, hitherto swamp and derelict plantations, is to be made an industrial estate with its own harbour and rail and road connections. Factory buildings are to be made available, and power, water and sewerage installations will be offered on a 15-year repayment basis. Smaller industrial estates are also planned. The necessity for zoning in a territory as small as Singapore is obvious; but inexpensive high-grade facilities for industry may also offset some of the advantages which competing Hong Kong exporters have from cheap labour. Singapore's first industrial estate, incidentally, was established by the Colonial Development Corporation, and the experience which that provided is now proving valuable. Investment in the public sector under the Singapore Five Year Plan (£120m) will be more than double anything attempted before. It will include, besides the industrial infrastructure, a 'crash programme' of house-building at the rate of 10,000 dwellings a year in prefabricated multi-storey buildings.

In the recent past, revolutionary-minded

elements under Peking influence, successfully turned Singapore's trade unions into training grounds for 'direct action'. If that were to be repeated, capital investment would again eschew the territory. But the Communists in the Singapore trade unions are today lying low. Another hopeful sign is that few students imbued with Marxist-Maoist enthusiasms are today found among union organisers in Singapore as they used to be a few years ago – which may be because young people are finding an outlet for civic enthusiasm in new opportunities for constructive activity provided by the PAP government.

But the PAP's impressive (and pragmatic) effort to expand the Singapore economy, with the help of private capital, is risky for a Socialist party in a Chinese-populated city where exhortations to overturn the existing order still make a strong appeal. A territory with the highest national income per head in Southern Asia obviously starts with advantages. But because of the acute population emergency the 'crash programme' is very big, demanding investment of around 20 per cent of the territory's earnings (much more, proportionately, than India is devoting). To mobilise resources on this scale will take time, particularly as taxation which deterred foreign investors would be self-defeating. Financial aid from Britain, the World Bank and other sources, by providing about 25 per cent of the investment needed in the public sector can avert a fatal time-lag (population does not lag), and make possible a successful take-off into development which would give Singapore a decade of political consolidation and economic respite.

Fleet Street

Quality Pays

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* It is no accident that the *Daily Telegraph's* firm announcement that it intends to start publishing a Sunday *Telegraph* early in the new year – the first new Sunday paper in Britain since Lord Beaverbrook founded the *Sunday Express* at the end of the First World War – should coincide with the latest batch of ABC figures for newspaper circulations for the past six months of this year. For those figures provide accumulating evidence of what the *Observer* has, with very natural satisfaction, called 'the slow swing to quality'. The *Observer* itself with a new record average circulation of nearly 704,000 for the six months just ended shows an increase of over 43,000 compared with the comparable period for the previous year. The *Sunday Times* has done even better with an increase of over 58,000 to an average circulation figure of over 942,000 for the six months – in the last three months it has gone even higher to just over 952,000 and is obviously going all out for the million before new competition in the shape of the *Sunday Telegraph* comes along. When one also takes into account the fact that the *Daily Telegraph* itself has increased its circulation by an average of 36,000 to 1,176,000 and the *Guardian*, with a much smaller base to advance from, has gone up by getting on for 17,000 to a new record of just short of 200,000 a day, it is clear that the market for serious journalism is now expanding at a really remarkable rate.

Not of course that the trend is all in one direction. The *Daily Express* is still in the market for success in a big way. Its latest figures show a remarkable increase to 4,234,000, a rise of just over 182,000 compared with the same period a year ago. But even this, it is worth noting, is still slightly below the peak it reached in the immediate post-war years – it has recovered lost ground not gained new. The *People* – which no-one could call a notably serious paper – is also now in the middle of a winning streak. It has accumulated close on 268,000 new readers in the last six months compared with the same period a year ago and with a total of over 5,322,000 has now snatched second place in the Sunday circulation race from the *Sunday Pictorial*. The *Pictorial* actually lost some 56,000 readers during the period and is down (relatively speaking) to 5,275,000. There seems every probability that before long the *People* will be in a position to challenge the *News of the World* for the tawdry crown of mass circulation pre-eminence, even although having paid off one editor with a lump sum of well over £30,000 for loss of office, that paper under a new one is now throwing everything it can lay its hands on into the battle, from Diana Dors (second helping) to the highly topical confessions of Grunwald.

The successes of the *Express* and the *People* do not alter the main pattern. They indicate that readers of popular papers are becoming increasingly choosey and want the very best professional gloss on the products they buy, but they do not alter the fact that the circulation of the popular press as a whole has fallen, is still falling and looks likely to continue to fall, while the sale of the serious 'quality' press is rising. It is still of course very much a minority sale – about 10.5 per cent of the total in daily journalism, if one includes the *Financial Times*, which, as one sign of the times, is now putting on sales at a higher rate than any other paper. But it is a minority that is growing all the time – and one that appeals particularly to the advertisers.

What is happening in the popular newspaper industry is very like what is happening in the film industry. The customers are still ready to pay for the glossy all-star commercial product on which a great deal of money is spent and which has a high professional finish: they are no longer prepared to patronise run-of-the-mill second features. To judge by current trends those newsapers which can no longer make the grade in big time entertainment would do better to turn to older values and see what some attention to more serious journalism would do for them.

The latest ABC figures, in fact, ought properly to promote a specially solid thought at Odhams Press, the TUC and down Bouverie Street. Once again the *Daily Herald* is in the lead – down hill. In the last six months it has lost another 58,000 readers compared with the same period a year ago – the biggest drop of any daily – and is now down to a circulation of only 1,406,000. Both Odhams and the TUC would in these circumstances probably find their best interests served by abandoning the manifestly doomed search for a fancy circulation to concentrate instead on producing a responsible independent paper of the left which could derive some advantage from the more serious reading tastes now developing. There seems also room for another agonising reappraisal at the *News Chronicle*. It has lost 44,000 readers compared with the same period a year ago, and with a current circulation of only round about 1,160,000, is now visibly lower than the *Daily Telegraph*, which has never aimed at 'popular' circulation preferring a 'quality readership' attractive to advertisers. Many of the *Chronicle's* lost readers have almost certainly gone to the *Telegraph*. The *Chronicle* cannot hope to compete with the *Telegraph* on the *Telegraph's* own terms – to try to do so at this stage would cost a fortune. But it might be able to hold more of its readers and perhaps get new ones if it would concentrate more on what it once used to do well – intelligent, attractively written reporting and comment on the sort of things likely to interest the civilised and liberal-minded who find the *Telegraph* comprehensive but dull. Less than most papers can the *News Chronicle* afford to run on a formula – particularly a second-hand one.

Leave the Earl Alone

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The origins and development of the Home affair are more interesting than its eventual conclusion, for they show not only that the Prime Minister, whose ear is thought to brush the ground as he walks, is capable of a disastrous error when forecasting the reaction of the House of Commons, but also that the House itself is more determinedly conservative than even its most devoted admirers suspected. How, then, did it all begin?

In a sense it began years ago when, with deliberate and calculated purpose, Sir Anthony Eden appointed Mr Selwyn Lloyd as Foreign Secretary. At the time, some observers thought that such an appointment did not necessarily mean that the importance of the Foreign Secretaryship was to be permanently diminished. After all Sir Anthony had spent a lifetime in foreign affairs. It was natural that his interest should continue even when he had become Prime Minister; and if a Prime Minister wants to control the Foreign Office himself, he will naturally appoint a competent clerk as his Foreign Secretary. Hence Selwyn Lloyd

But when Eden was succeeded by Mr Harold Macmillan, whose excursions into foreign affairs had been short-lived and undistinguished, and the competent clerk *still* continued to rustle his papers at the Foreign Office, some people did take this as a sign that the diminished status of his office was more than temporary. It seemed that in these days when, on all major issues, heads of government deal with heads of government, the Prime Minister had decided that the Foreign Office reins must be permanently in his hands and that, for the future, we could always expect the Foreign Secretary to be a much lesser figure than in days gone by.

There comes a time, however, when competent clerks become more than that, as Selwyn Lloyd has become, and look for promotion; when, in the words of Mr Harold Wilson, even Selwyn Lloyd can expect a department of his own. That time arrived some three weeks ago when Mr Heathcoat Amory formally notified the Prime Minister that a vacancy for a willing lad would soon occur at the Treasury. If Selwyn Lloyd were to become Chancellor, who should have the Foreign Office in his place? It was no good

putting in such men as Mr Iain Macleod or Mr Duncan Sandys if they were expected to deal only with comparatively routine matters and obey instructions from the Prime Minister on everything else; for these men are tough and have powers of initiative and wills of their own. On the other hand, it was inadvisable to put in men of even lesser attainments than Selwyn Lloyd, such as the two Ministers of State, Mr David Ormsby-Gore or Mr John Profumo; for after all, even a diminished Foreign Secretary still represents the country, not only on ceremonial handshaking occasions like the visits of Ruritanian monarchs but at such genuinely important occasions as the meetings of the Council of Nato or even the Security Council. When one wishes to display quality goods, it is not correct policy to rifle the bargain basement.

So the Prime Minister cast around for a considerable figure who yet was pliable; and the combination is hard to find. Sir David Eccles? His brick dropping is bad enough when confined at home. Mr John Maclay? His translation from the Scottish Office would delight no one but the Scots. Mr Henry Brooke? Not this week, I think. But what about the Earl of Home? He is considerable enough to have been a senior Cabinet minister for some years, has had experience of the Foreign Office, is not a man who any longer sees himself striding towards the political heights (if he ever did) and he has the right manners and what Mr Macmillan would consider the right background. Was he not, as the *Sunday Times* so pertinently remarked, not only the 14th Earl, but also the most brilliant amateur batsman of his generation? Here, clearly, was the man for the job.

But there was a snag. Though in the past 40 years, two Foreign Secretaries have been in the House of Lords, one, Lord Curzon, was given the job only to compensate him for the fact that, at the last moment, he was not made Prime Minister, and the other, Lord Halifax, was a Chamberlain appointment which aroused criticism even then and does not offer a precedent many successors would care to follow. To appoint a peer as Foreign Secretary must always arouse jealousy in the House of Commons.

The Prime Minister, however, was confident that he could deal with that. The Opposition, of course, would yell its head off but, so long as he carried his own party, all would be well. A few carefully selected Lobby Correspondents were given the kite to fly. As a sop to the House of Commons, they were also told that a Cabinet minister, would deal with foreign affairs, under the Prime Minister, at Question Time and in Commons debates. The result was not as expected. The Opposition leaped to the attack, of course, but what surprised and possibly shook the Prime Minister was the violence of opposition inside his own party.

There was the anti-Earl brigade, led by Mr Gerald Nabarro, who object to plums being so regularly dropped into old-school laps. There were others, of whom Mr Martin Lindsay is reported to have been one, who do not think that the Earl of Home is considerable enough for the office, even at its reduced level. Weightier, both in numbers and in importance, however, are those who have instinctively reacted as House of Commons men, who resent the appointment because they feel that it will reduce the importance of the House of Commons. Ever since last weekend when the news was allowed to become 'semi official', there have been enough tight lips on the Conservative benches to flap a dozen Prime Ministers.

I do not think that this fuss was justified. It has been clear for many years that the Prime Minister must play a dominant part in the conduct of foreign affairs. No one would dream of sending Selwyn Lloyd, or any Foreign Secretary, to negotiate with Mr Krushchev – even if the latter would receive him. With the major decisions and negotiations out of his hands, one cannot expect a really big man to take the office, or to stay there long if he did take it. I should not, for example, have expected a Gaitskell-Bevan combination to last on these terms. Indeed a strong man could last at the Foreign Office only if the Prime Minister was weak, on the Dulles-Eisenhower model; and no one really believes that that is so in Britain today or ever wants it to be so. That being so, there is a clear case for putting men of smaller, though not diminutive, stature into the job, men who will work away competently at the routine and who will not resent having the great decisions taken elsewhere. What, however, is the case for having such a man in the Lords – provided, always, that there is a case for having the Lords at all?

The Foreign Secretary has to be abroad for a good part of the year, at Lake Success, at Geneva, on goodwill visits to the Turks, rubbing shoulders with other faceless Foreign Ministers in a dozen foreign capitals. May it not be better that such a man should be relieved of the cares of a constituency and the tyranny of the division lobby? Will this really diminish the authority of the House of Commons? I don't believe it. At the present time, even when the Foreign Secretary is in this country, the minor Foreign Office questions are in any case handled by the minor ministers; and when we come to major questions, the man we want to get at is not the Foreign Secretary but the Prime Minister. The presence of the Foreign Secretary in foreign affairs debates in recent years has, in fact, added nothing except, occasionally, a little comic relief. So let's leave the rumpus to die down and allow the Earl of Home to get quietly on with his amateur batting.

The Clash in Southern Rhodesia

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

Behind the arrest of African leaders in Salisbury and this week's bloodshed which it sparked off lies the tragedy of an all-white parliament and government who, whilst theoretically pursuing a policy of racial partnership, are completely out of touch with or contemptuous of African feeling and thought. The only thing which concerns Sir Edgar Whitehead and his Cabinet is to win the next election, which has been promised before next May. To do this they apparently feel that they must demonstrate to the dominant white electorate that they can deal with upstart blacks and prevent a Southern Rhodesian 'Congo'. Southern Rhodesia's daily and Sunday press is completely controlled by the South African Argus group, and has positively gloried in reports, many of them unconfirmed at the time, of atrocities committed by blacks on Congo whites. It has also publicised dramatically the plight of the hundreds of 'refugees' who flooded into the city, many of them genuine cases but many more victims of their own panic. The result has been to harden the mood of all but the liberal minority of Southern Rhodesia's 250,000 whites, most of whom gladly conclude that the Congo proves Africans to be savages incapable of civilised living and government.

Even before the Congo debacle, however, the whites here were blustering before the spectre of a federation dominated by black governments in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The opposition Dominion Party, which is fundamentally white-supremacist, threatened to exploit this white fear. Sir Edgar countered by raising the possibility of seccession from the Federation as a threat with which to browbeat the British government into relinquishing its reserve powers of veto. These, though long unused, constitute the only barrier between the country's 2.5 million Africans and unrestrained white rule. Now Sir Edgar cannot pursue the hare of secession very far without wrecking the United Federal Party and breaking with his leader, Sir Roy Welensky, the Federal Prime Minister. But the Dominion Party this month resolved any similar conflict between federal and Southern Rhodesian interests by splitting, leaving the way clear to challenge Sir Edgar with the uncompromising slogan 'Southern Rhodesia first and last'. Sir Edgar was still groping for an answer to this one when the balloon went up in the Congo.

So, having previously ignored the leaders of Southern Rhodesia's National Democratic Party – they asked him for an urgent interview in June and were not even afforded the courtesy of a reply – Sir Edgar apparently decided that the time had come to show that he was as good a protector of white interests as any white supremacist, if not better. In this he obviously co-ordinated his strategy with Sir Roy Welensky in the federal field. Two headlines, jostling each other for space on the front page of Salisbury's sole evening paper on 19 July, sum up the result: 'Huge increase in [federal] defence force planned: Initial cost to be £2,650,000'; and 'National Democratic Party leaders arrested in Salisbury'. In the federal sphere, white regular troops are to be recruited, if necessary, abroad; in Southern Rhodesia the only effective African organisation was to be intimidated if not smashed.

Last year the young African National Congress here was banned under the pretext of a state of emergency – and even today a handful of its 450 leaders then detained are still in prison, uncharged and untried. The arbitrary and sweeping powers which the government arrogated to itself last year still exist. These powers, if exercised, make Southern Rhodesia a police state, and they are now being used against the organisation which has, since its foundation at the beginning of this year, dramatically filled and overflowed the gap left by the government's destruction of the ANC. The NDP has not, as yet, had time to formulate a programme at an annual congress, but it stands emphatically for immediate and universal adult suffrage. To Africans in the street this translates into 'Freedom NOW!'. In addition the NDP stands for the removal of white land control, for the abolition of the many legal, and even more numerous 'customary', practices of racial discrimination, which, while in most respects less harsh than those in South Africa, are still more than sufficient to turn any self-

respecting man's life into a hell of humiliation. It is when one judges Southern Rhodesia against Tanganyika, and not, as Welensky prefers, against South Africa, that one gains a true perspective of 'partnership'.

The white-imposed limitation of African land ownership and the similarly imposed dictation of how African land is to be used has driven an African population, growing under elementary but slowly improving health services, to seek work in the towns. But, with the bubble of federal faith and prosperity burst, with gleaming new office blocks standing empty in the middle of Salisbury, with foreign investment capital frightened off by political uncertainty and, like the whole economy, 'waiting for Monckton', there is no work to be found. A bad drought has not helped matters either for the Africans, whose wages, even when they can find work, hover pitifully around the £10 a month mark. The housing backlog for Africans in the segregated urban township is formidable. It is against this background that the National Democratic Party has grown so rapidly, outstripping Garfield Todd's Central Africa Party with which it differs in principle only over the latter's insistence on a gradually extended franchise. In practice, the important difference has been that the NDP, though it has admitted a few carefully vetted whites to membership, is emphatically an African-led organisation. Lately it has been strengthened by being joined by most of Southern Rhodesia's few African 'intellectuals', many of whom had sat on the political fence for some time. And then, with their hand strengthened by the Congo and a Southern Rhodesian constitutional conference rumoured as imminent, Whitehead struck at the NDP, which alone could challenge him effectively.

It seems clear that neither Whitehead nor Welensky anticipated the strength of African reaction, which took the impressively disciplined form of some 15,000 Africans offering themselves to the police for arrest. The police, initially, handled the position with remarkable restraint. This situation changed, however, when Salisbury's Africans decided to stay away from work until Sir Edgar agreed to meet with their leaders. His reply was to call out the police reserve – whites who receive exactly one day's training per year and who have the power on duty to arrest anyone in the township – and to use them as strike breakers. Africans were indiscriminately clubbed by police reservists asking 'Why aren't you at work?', and tear-gas grenades were thrown both into school premises and indiscriminately into peaceful private houses.

The result has been an upsurge of anti-white bitterness unprecedented in Southern Rhodesia's modern history – even in last year's emergency. This racial feeling is not yet endemic, but it threatens to become so – especially amongst children, with whom it may well start off as a sort of game.

There is, clearly, a yawning gulf between most whites and blacks in Southern Rhodesia, which the government's actions might be designed to widen. Sir Edgar Whitehead has now used his repressive powers, which make a mockery of the rule of law, to preserve a type of 'law and order' dictated by the fears of a white electorate unwilling to face the Africa of the 1960s. The government is also crippling by administrative means the Central Africa Party, which acts as a bridge between the African and white minorities who would be non-racial, and is driving the African-led National Democratic Party to become a straightforward African nationalist group. There are observers who believe that the latter result is the government's aim, and that this is exactly the reason why the most moderate of the NDP leaders were initially arrested. But this is unlikely, if only because Sir Edgar Whitehead's all-white government is too prejudiced against Africans to admit that the NDP remains, for the moment and precariously, multi-racial.

One thing is sure, however: whatever the charges to be brought against the arrested African leaders – and they will be of a type which declare them guilty unless they can prove their innocence – the primary responsibility for the frightening damage done this last week lies with Sir Edgar Whitehead.

London Diary

CRITIC

Mervyn Stockwood was right in saying that Nye would not have been impressed by an Anglican bishop pronouncing a eulogy over his body in the Abbey, but that he would have rejoiced that so many friends should come together to express their love for him. There is irony of course in the high honours paid him by the Establishment now that he is dead. I can just see the smile on his lips and hear the mocking lilt of his voice as he remarks that he has become the darling of all the politicians (on both sides of the House), whom he used to bait. And why not, boy, since I am no longer dangerous to them? As for the press, he would have added, didn't these acres of adulation just show how right he was in calling it the most prostituted in the world. But here he would be wrong. The humbug was in the constant malice and mis-reporting; the warm things written now are honestly felt. Nye would find irony too in the church service, in the sacerdotal procession and formal prayers. But here we cannot help ourselves. The great events of personal and national life – birth and death, defeat and victory – must be celebrated, and in this country the church alone offers the ritual and ceremony and lovely words for such occasions. We must have music when we come to praise famous men, and this time the singing was enriched by many Welsh voices. Looked at one way, there is comedy in declaring that we want to build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. But of all hymns, Blake's comes nearest to expressing what Nye all his life expressed. Though he was often wayward, he did not, I believe, ever cease from striving for a society where men might freely stretch their limbs. For a generation in Wales, England and many countries overseas that is what he represented. His hope and his purpose were to plant freedom in the place of fear. The peculiar sadness of his loss lies in the lamentable fact that for very many in this country no one now embodies this hope.

★ ★ ★

Having no more personal acquaintance with Lord Home than one gets on formal occasions, I asked one of his fellow peers what he was like as Leader in the Lords. Most competent, he said, and promptly quoted Sydney Smith, who said of another politician that he came 'with the light feather of wit to crumble the bulwarks of truth' – an excellent phrase meaning, I take it, that Lord Home is a dab hand at sidestepping awkward questions. It is true no doubt, as Sidney Silverman said in the House on Tuesday night, that it matters comparatively little where the Archie Andrews is, if the ventriloquist remains in the Commons. But here I disagree with him (and with J. P. W. Mallalieu's appreciation in this issue), for to have a Foreign Secretary in the Lords adds dignity to an institution which ought not to exist. As to the other new appointments, Peter Thorneycroft, once described by friends as a 20th century Disraeli and by opponents as a 19th century Noel Coward, comes back to office both chastened and mellowed by his self-imposed sojourn on the back benches. He is no longer a rather brash Tory reformer driving his party towards liberalism. After the bleakness of exile I should expect him to recline more comfortably on the cushions of convention. The tense and academically brilliant Enoch Powell left the government with Thorneycroft and refused an invitation to return unless his old chief came back too. He is shy and awkward and he walks along the corridors of the House with his eyes on the ground. His ability and courage have won him respect, even though he seems too aloof even to greet a colleague. The Ministry of Health should give scope to the humanity which, I suspect, lies beneath his odd exterior. Nothing in Duncan Sandys's record convinces me that he has either the desire or the tolerance to deal adequately with crucial problems of race which beset the CRO.

★ ★ ★

What was really in the minds of the majority members of the AID report? They came to the only possible conclusion, that it should remain legal, and they admit that in the very few cases in which it is used, it is carried out by reputable doctors with all proper precautions and that it has brought great happiness to a number of childless homes. And then they make the quite preposterous decision that the child of an AID birth should be illegitimate! One wonders why they have sanctimonious oxen on their tongues and whether their real objective in depressing the status of the child was a hope of making AID even more unattractive than it must in any case be. Perhaps in the back of their minds is a vague distaste for being associated with anything that would seem to bring us nearer to the scientific horror of Huxley's *Brave New World*, where children are incubated in test tubes and hatched like chickens for the improvement of the stock. Or is it a fear in the back of the minds of some members that discontented, but enterprising, wives might prefer, on the quiet, to have children by an Australian aborigine, or have a notion of breeding a hero from the stock of, shall we say, Krushchev or Sir Edmund Hillary? The oddest objection I have heard to AID comes from sticklers to the hereditary principle who are worried that titles, and maybe the inheritance of great estates, would be impaired if new blood were surreptitiously introduced into a family tree. The rights of the crown, it has even been suggested, may be involved, since titles flow from the throne not to persons but to families! Real difficulty would arise only if a husband, who has given his consent, later reveals the private facts about the child's birth. The simple solution is given by the minority members of the committee. The husband's signature of consent should have exactly the same validity as if he had adopted the child. The child should be legitimate and as much his responsibility as if he were its biological father.

People used to talk about the 'continent': they still talk about Europe, as if it were a part of the world to which we don't belong. It is a place where, from time to time, we reluctantly fight wars against the Germans and where it is nowadays possible for quite humble people to visit mountains and ruins at the price of eating un-English food. We are menaced by the selfishness of foreigners who make a Common Market which we may be compelled to join if we are not to starve. On the other hand foreigners are notoriously good at culture! We flock to see the Picasso exhibition and have to admit that Covent Garden must return to its old-style cosmopolitanism after the collapse of its post-war attempt to rely on an English repertory. When it comes to football, once Britain's speciality, it seems that some people are still hankering after insularity. Football fans of course want to see continental teams. But I read with astonishment that the Football League is going to run an extra, purely British, cup competition this coming season. This will mean that English clubs will play each other even more often than before, even though it is agreed that one of the troubles with British soccer has been that clubs have been playing too many matches. Now they are going to play more matches against each other and not against glamorous foreign teams. Of course this is not simply an insular reaction against the notion of a Common Market in the soccer business. It is part of a struggle between the two bodies who control British football.

* * *

I have been reading Alex Hepple's paperback on *Censorship and Press Control in South Africa* (P.O. Box 2864 Johannesburg – no price stated), and learn from it that there is no internal control of publications, either on political or 'moral' grounds, through the South African Board of Censors. It's all done by controlling imports. This has some odd consequences. In 1956 a bookseller and a law student, fined for possessing banned books, got their convictions squashed on appeal because there was no proof that the books had been imported. The words 'Published in Great Britain' on the title page were not enough, said the judges, because the books might have been reprinted in South Africa. This was the cue for the Rationalist Press Association to reprint Bertrand Russell's *Why I Am Not a Christian* in Afrikaans and English – they have legally distributed it in South Africa ever since. But once a book has been banned under the Customs Act, 1955, by notice in the *Government Gazette*, everyone is supposed to know; and anyone possessing a copy, years later, is liable to a £1,000 fine or five years' imprisonment, or both, whether he knew it was banned or not. As the censorship is not open to challenge in the courts, what it does gets little publicity, and the censors, I suppose, do their odious work in total security.

* * *

I wish I was really an expert at something. I was not surprised when my friends pointed to the browning leafs of a bush and said: 'This is a case of malnutrition'. 'Yes,' I said, 'but what should I do? Would it like some bone meal or peat or manure or what?' 'No', he said. 'None of those. It wants a strong dose of Epsom salts.' That, I felt, was real expertise. His wife, he told me, had recently called at the chemist for a pound of Epsom salts for a similar purpose. The chemist said: 'You must be having a bad time in your family.'

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I waited nearly an hour in the hairdressers. When I asked an assistant the reason he replied that it was due to the Press.

Why? I asked.

'Because,' he said, 'they gave prominence to the story about the possible end of the world on the previous day, and customers had held over their visit to avoid wasting their money.' – Letter in *Star*. (Lilian McPhail).

Not a week passes without some form of assault and battery and robbery with violence. In fact the snatching of wages on a Friday has become so commonplace that it now gets only a few lines in our newspapers without special treatment.

In fairness, therefore, it is time the realists had a say for a year or two. Birching and prison for every robbery with violence and attacks on policemen. The return of the gibbet – let the body of the murderer swing in the wind for a week or two – and castration for all sexual offences, including assaults by homosexuals. – Letter in *Hampstead & Highgate Express*. (J. S. Goldsack.

Congratulations to Bernard McBride, of Bathgate.

He's the son of a foundry labourer. Yet he always wanted to be a gentleman's valet.

He started work in the railways. But he couldn't forget his ambition.

And yesterday, after years of training, he was appointed valet to Mr Antony Armstrong-Jones. – *Sunday Post*. (Q. R. D. Skinner).

'I do quite a lot of men. Not just the sissy type. Serious-minded men. Last week a man came in with his wife, and after I had finished her ears he said: "I think I'll have mine done too. Put a couple of rings through them."

'I did.

'A week later he came back and said: "I'm fed up with these rings. I want studs instead." So I put some studs through his ears. He's a director of a motor firm in Birmingham.' – *Sunday Express*. (D. F. Peet).

My lost raincoat was returned to Leeds from Southern Ireland with eight cigars in the pocket (at cost of 5s. 6d. postage). I do not wish to pay £1 3s. duty which I find charged, but my raincoat languishes in the post office 100 yards from my home. In order to reclaim it for my own I must have the parcel returned to Ireland and then reapply for the return of my coat without the offending cigars. The simple task of removing them cannot be performed here. – Letter in *Guardian*. (J. W. Docking).

Krushchev's Next Move

K. S. KAROL

It is becoming the habit for western statesmen to pretend that they do not understand Mr Krushchev's intentions and to express surprise at Soviet diplomatic initiatives. A study of the development of Soviet policy in certain particular fields should, however, provide ample warning of the front on which the next Russian offensive will be launched.

On 16 July, *Pravda* published in the middle of its foreign news page a picture showing the landing of Belgian paratroops at Léopoldville. An unsigned editorial which followed began with these words:

> Look at this picture. It is a familiar scene. British and French troops landed in the same way in the Middle East to make war on Egypt. American troops entered Lebanon in the same way to prepare their aggression against Iraq. They would have liked to land in the same way in Cuba. To this very day French paratroops are landing in the same way in Algeria . . . The scene changes, but the principle is always the same. The same transport aircraft, the same aggressive weapons belonging to Nato are always at work.

The rest of the article takes a similar tone and sets out to prove that the Atlantic countries, under American direction, are everywhere pursuing a policy of neo-colonialist expansion. They are held in check, it is argued, only by the solidarity of the Afro-Asian countries supported by the Soviet Union and the 'Socialist camp'. This is the first occasion on which *Pravda* has placed the Algerian war in the context of the international struggle and has sought to hold the whole West responsible for the actions of the French paratroops.

Nothing published by *Pravda*, which is the official organ of the Soviet Communist Party, ever gets in by accident. What is more, the editorial I have quoted, is not an isolated example of Russian ill humour, but the end of a long process of hardening in their attitude to the war in North Africa. The best way to take stock of the present situation is to glance at the changing Soviet attitudes towards Algeria over the last 18 months. The Algerian debate in the United Nations in the autumn of 1959 was opened at the time of Eisenhower's visit to Nehru. The American President had pledged his support to General de Gaulle, but Nehru persuaded him that a pro-French vote would undermine American influence in Asia. So America abstained.

The Russians voted for the pro-Algerian resolution of the Afro-Asian bloc, which failed by a single vote to get a two-thirds majority, but they did not try to make capital out of the confusion on the western side. The speech of the Soviet delegate was notably moderate and had even a certain air of optimism that General de Gaulle would be able to bring the conflict under control by the application of the principle of 'self-determination', which he had announced a few weeks earlier. Mr Krushchev, in other words, was being true to the spirit of Camp David.

On 31 October 1959, in the course of a meeting of the Supreme Soviet, Krushchev devoted a brief passage in his speech to Algeria: 'We know that in the course of history very close bonds have been formed between France and Algeria,' he said, urging the need for the two countries 'to establish the relations of cooperation on the basis of equality'. These words were received with great satisfaction in Paris, where it was generally believed that the shift of policy by the French Communist Party towards de Gaulle's doctrine of self-determination was due to the advice, if not indeed the instructions, of the Soviet Union.

In March 1960, Krushchev paid a state visit to France, during the course of which he made something like a couple of dozen speeches. In none of them did he raise the Algerian problem. To one journalist's question at the luncheon given by the diplomatic press he answered: 'I am consistently in favour of the policy of self-determination as

outlined by General de Gaulle on 16 September 1959'. In contrast to the Chinese press, the Moscow papers did not publish even extracts from the open letters which the FLN and the Women of Algeria addressed respectively to Mr and Mrs Krushchev. What is more, news from Algeria has been very sparse in the Soviet press.

Things began to change somewhat on the occasion of Krushchev's second visit to Paris – for the ill-starred Summit. On receiving Maurice Thorez, the Soviet leader affirmed the importance of the Algerian war. It emphasised, he said, the dependence of France on the United States and accounted for the remarkable solidarity between de Gaulle and Eisenhower over the U-2. The French Communist Party has since become more active in its propaganda for peace in Algeria; and, in Moscow, comments on North Africa have become more frequent. For instance, *Pravda*, for the first time for years, has carried references to torture in Algeria and has published extracts from Henri Alleg's book *La Question*.

This new stage in the hardening of Soviet policy was agreed upon at the recent Bucharest conference. Whether under Chinese pressure or whether for domestic reasons, Krushchev was compelled to recognise that his policy of carpet-bagging round the West had not paid off. The failure of the Summit, and the unanimous support for Eisenhower by the western powers in the U-2 affair, were seen as sufficient proof of the ineffectualness of his efforts. Obviously Krushchev could not simply repudiate his strategy of co-existence, but he was obliged to agree with his Chinese comrades and others about the need to take a firmer tactical line towards the West. It was unanimously held that anti-colonialism was the best weapon. It is in that context that one should take Mr Krushchev's unexpected observation at the final reception of the Bucharest conference: 'I have warned de Gaulle that peace in Algeria is the essential preliminary to all relations between the USSR and France'.

The consequence in Moscow was immediate: *Pravda* began to publish, for the first time since the beginning of the war, the communiqués from the Algerian army headquarters claiming very heavy French losses in both men and material. Moreover, constant references have recently been made to the Nato and American origin of French arms. On 10 July last, *Pravda* summarised its position in an important article, of which the following words are especially significant:

> Having concentrated in Algeria an immense army and having found both material and diplomatic support in the US, France is trying to wipe out by force the national liberation movement of the Algerian people. These attempts are doomed to failure. The Republic of Algeria has already been born in the fire of battle; and the Algerian army, which draws its strength from the people, is daily striking new blows against colonialism . . . Its cause is just and sacred; and thanks to help from all the Afro-Asian countries and from the Socialist camp under the leadership of the USSR, it will triumph.

Finally, the Congo affair and the spreading of racial conflict across Africa has again reinforced the Soviet determination to plug the propaganda of anti-colonialism. This beyond doubt explains the classification by the Russians of the Algerian war as a war by Nato against the African liberation movement. The logical consequences of this proposition will soon make themselves apparent. Mr Krushchev, who not long ago was claiming that President Eisenhower wanted to transform the UN into the 50th state of the Union, has now satisfied himself by his experience of Congo that the UN can play a decisive role in furthering his policies. He can be pretty sure that the US will shrink from openly defending Belgium in a cause which is already so universally unpopular. He can equally calculate that the Americans dare not try to substitute themselves for the former colonial powers in Africa for fear of provoking Soviet intervention. It follows, therefore, in Krushchev's analysis, that the West has already lost prestige in Asia and Africa in the same proportion as the USSR has gained it – and that without the Russians having to take any disproportionate risk.

It is the lesson drawn from this experience in the Congo which will determine Russia's course of action on Algeria. Since, according to *Pravda*, the Algerian Republic has already been born, there seems no reason why the Soviet Union should not recognise it, should not publicly receive its leaders (they visited Moscow *incognito* last month) and should not answer their appeals for help, as they have already done for Mr Lumumba. Knowing that the French record in Algeria is condemned everywhere, Krushchev will try to force the US to emerge from its position of ambiguous neutrality. He will use the UN to propagate his view that the Algerian war is being waged by the whole Atlantic alliance and that the United States cannot divest itself of responsibility. Across the lesser figures of France and her President the Soviet government wishes to confront – as in the case of Belgium and the Congo – its real enemies, the United States and Nato.

Even if this sort of offensive should end in compromise (mediation, for instance, by Mr Hammarskjold between de Gaulle and Ferhat Abbas) Russia would be able to claim that once more it had played its part in protecting down-trodden nations against the colonialism of the western powers. Soviet policy will further reinforce its position in Asia and Africa and will continue to exploit without scruple the weakness and contradictions of the Atlantic alliance. We are no longer in the epoch of Camp David, and Mr Krushchev is in no mood to be offering gifts.

A New Way into the Mind

ROBERT GEORGE MILES

During the Middle Ages a mysterious and terrible pestilence ravaged parts of France and Germany from time to time. The sufferers were stricken with agonising muscular contractions, and gangrene appeared in their toes, fingers and ear-lobes. They called it St Anthony's Fire. The cause was eventually traced to the rye bread which was one of their staple foods, and thence to the fungus, *Claviceps purpurea*, which had attacked the standing rye crops and produced a deadly substance in the grain. St Anthony's Fire was ergot poisoning.

Like most of the poisonous substances found in nature, this one was eventually turned to good account in medicine, and the active principles of ergot are now a familiar part of the medical pharmacopœia. St Anthony's potent alkaloid, however, has recently yielded a substance which has as dramatic an effect on the human mind as the original ergot had on the body. It is called LSD25 after the German *Lyserg Saüre Diethylamide*. or, in English. lysergic acid diethylamide.

It is one of a group of synthetic compounds based on the ergot alkaloids, and was produced about 20 years ago in an almost routine fashion by the Swiss chemists, Stoll and Hofmann. Its psychological properties were not suspected until Hofmann one day accidentally swallowed a minute dose in his laboratory. He soon became restless and disoriented, with bizarre visual sensations, and had to go home to bed.

Many workers then investigated the chemical and psychological properties of the drug and it was found that above a certain minute dose it produced symptoms very much like those of schizophrenia. This suggested the possibility of studying that disease by producing a temporary psychosis in normal subjects. So far, unfortunately, only this more sensational effect of the drug has had any general publicity, and most people seem to be ignorant of a far more important application which has been developed in the past few years.

A most novel action of the drug was to project people back into their earliest years where they re-lived forgotten memories with great vividness and intensity of feeling. In subjects suffering from a neurotic illness these early memories seemed generally to be bound up with their anxiety or distress of mind, and the experience of re-living them was frequently followed by an immediate improvement in their condition.

Here, surely, was a valuable new tool for the treatment of mental illness. And one with a radical difference. Hitherto it had been left to the psycho-analysts and kindred workers to delve into their patients' minds and unravel the complexities of their sufferings. Drugs, on the other hand, had been used almost exclusively to blanket and allay the racking anxiety and paralysing misery of the neurotic. Now, for the first time, a drug could be used to help the sufferer to face and root out the cause of his illness. There was also not a little irony in the fact that the basic theory of Freud, that the origin of psycho-neurosis lay in experiences which had been suffered in childhood, was being vindicated by a drug out of the armoury of the psychiatrists, among whom are many who reject his ideas.

Various workers tried out LSD in the treatment of neurotic conditions and many abandoned it after disappointing results. These difficulties have since been overcome, however, and the patient work which has been going on in a few places in this country and abroad has now led to a highly effective technique which makes LSD therapy more rapid and certain in the treatment of the neuroses than any which has so far appeared.

LSD is a drug of extremely high potency and is effective in doses as small as 25 millionths of a gramme. In these micro-doses it is free from harmful side-effects or any tendency to addiction, but the dose for each patient and for each session is highly critical, and skill in judging this is essential to success. It is also a drug which works best under an 'umbrella' An intravenous injection of methedrine gives the patient a fortifying sense of well-being and confidence which enables him to face and understand experiences which

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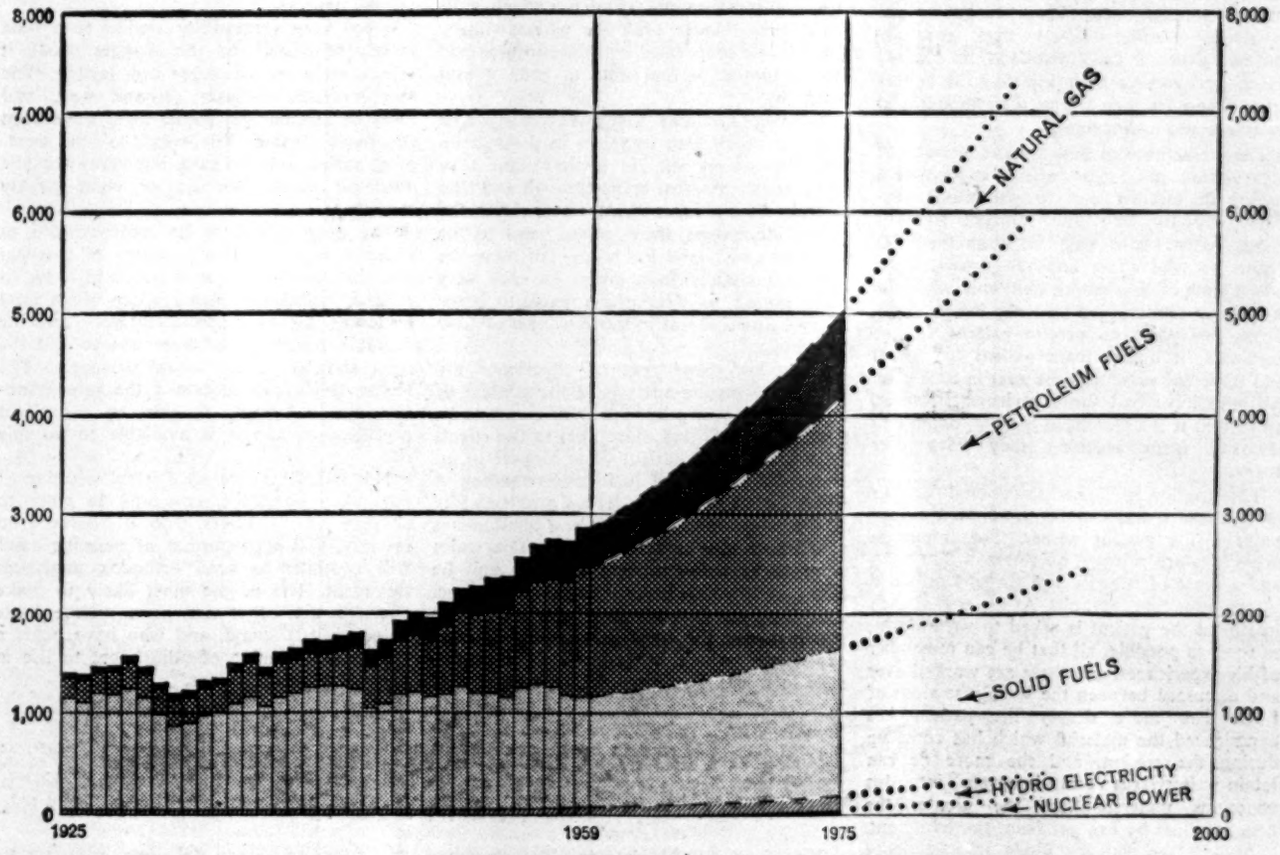
(excluding Soviet Sphere and China Mainland)

MILLION METRIC TONS COAL EQUIVALENT



The world will continue to depend on OIL for its development

The world's consumption of energy has been increasing rapidly. In recent years oil and natural gas have supplied the greater part of this increase. The oil industry expects to satisfy much of future growth in energy demand but needs to know how much.

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might otherwise be too overwhelming. Again, psycho-analytical understanding and sensitivity is necessary in the therapist if he is to make any sense of what his patient is trying to tell him. It is also important for the therapist to have undergone a series of treatments himself, for otherwise he can have no real conception of what his patient is experiencing.

Precise details of procedure differ among the few practitioners who are regularly using the drug, but the basic essentials are the same. Patients who are accepted for treatment attend at a nursing home either for the morning or the evening session, having missed out the previous meal. They are put to bed in single rooms, swallow their carefully assessed dose of LSD dissolved in distilled water, and receive their injection of methedrine. They are then left to their thoughts in quietness and a dim light.

The methedrine at first induces a mood of high elation and many patients experience a feeling of serenity and delight which contrasts strongly with their normal state of mind. After about half an hour the LSD begins to take effect and the patient drifts into a state of timeless awareness in which he is intently preoccupied with his inner world. From this point no precise pattern can be predicted; it differs from patient to patient and from one session to the next in each case. All who have had the experience, however, agree that it is different in quality, depth and intensity from anything they have ever known.

The reaction is allowed to proceed for four to five hours and can be terminated at any point if the patient wishes. The important necessities are privacy, quietness, a dim light, and a sense of security and support provided by the attendant therapist. At the end of each treatment the patient is asked to write down, as soon as possible, all that he can remember of his experiences, and these are worked over and discussed between the weekly sessions of LSD. The more deeply the patient has experienced the material which has come up during the session, and the more he can retain afterwards and integrate into his conscious understanding, the greater the benefit which he can get from the treatment.

Among the various kinds of experience which one meets under LSD there are three which are of particular value. The first is the intense re-living of early, forgotten experiences; the second is the emergence of emotions and desires which the patient has found it impossible to face in himself; the third is an extraordinary state of lucid contemplation in which the patient examines his problems.

The re-living of early experiences is no simple and passive recollection. In a normal state of mind 'abreaction', as it is called, is generally of limited value, but under LSD it takes place spontaneously with powerful effect.

The incidents tend to come up first in terms of the physical part of the memory: a feeling of sickness or hunger, or of being beaten or shaken. An emerging memory seems to play itself over repeatedly in these physical terms until the emotion, whether of fear or rage or anguish, which was felt at the time, begins to take over. Each repetition seems to discharge more of the tension and it becomes progressively easier to face.

At last the actual nature of the experience comes through, sometimes in the recollection of words uttered, sometimes as a visual picture. The patient is now able, for the first time, to look at a forgotten, and possibly shattering, infantile experience with the clear understanding of his adult mind. And so often are the patterns of our anxieties, compulsions and distresses founded on tragic childish misunderstandings, that patients frequently have a tremendous sense of revelation at this point, and the difference which the new insight can make to their whole outlook and behaviour is often quite dramatic.

The second kind of LSD experience often also takes on a revelatory character. An essential part of every neurosis consists in emotions and impulses which have been thrust down out of consciousness from childhood because they provoked too much guilt and anxiety. Under LSD the patient simply finds himself confronted with this unsuspected side of himself – and able to bear it and benefit by it.

His symptoms may well have consisted of these very forbidden impulses in a disguised form, or simply of the anxiety that they would at any moment break through and take control. As he faces them under LSD the patient discharges their power, and as he comes to understand the reason for them the guilt and anxiety fade away. He will very likely go on to trace them back to some original situation – as in the first form of LSD experience.

These first two types of experience are familiar to psycho-analysts in the context of their normal work, but the third seems to be peculiar to LSD and more akin to the effects of mescalin. The patient finds himself in an extraordinary state of lucid understanding in which he is able to consider his problems free of the compulsive prejudices and blindnessses which normally cloud his vision. The scales seem to have fallen from his eyes and he really understands himself for the first time. This lucid state takes many forms and some patients have the most intense and moving experiences which are completely inexpressible in words. For some the experience is of a mystical and even deeply religious character.

One most striking characteristic of LSD treatment is the enthusiasm it engenders in those who undertake it. The improvement in their condition is generally so marked, and the deepening in their understanding so important to them, that they keenly look forward to each session as a further step towards a new life. They soon begin to feel that everybody ought to have this experience, and indeed the increase in confidence, effectiveness, and the capacity to enjoy life which accompanies a successful LSD treatment does tempt one to believe that it might well be of value to many who are not burdened with a specific neurosis.

It has been successfully applied to a wide variety of cases, and the changes which it brings seem to be deep and lasting. The psychosomatic diseases respond well, and cases of asthma and peptic ulcer have been effectively treated. The length of the treatment varies with the case, but many patients need no more than six or eight weekly sessions.

The drug is not to be recommended to amateur experimenters in search of a sensation. In unskilled hands it would be liable to produce disturbing effects which could only be terminated by a special antidote, and the valuable results of accurate dosage and the right auxiliary drugs would disappear. The Home Office has requested the sole manufacturers to supply it only to consultant psychiatrists, and it is available to no one else.

Nor is LSD a cure-all. Careful selection of patients is necessary. It cannot be given to children or to adults with a tendency to insanity, and a proportion of neurotic cases will continue to need orthodox analytical treatment. The people most likely to make effective use of it are those whose basic personality is sound, and who have made a reasonable measure of adjustment to life in spite of their difficulties.

How they live in the Sierra

NORMAN LEWIS

You can't possibly imagine how they live in the Sierra. The back of beyond? Well, put it this way: it was eight hours on horseback down to Guisa. That's the nearest village. There wasn't another foreigner, let alone Englishman, with a farm up there.

The people aren't Christians, not even in name. Remember I told you about the little girl we adopted after her father was killed in a vendetta? She'd never heard of Jesus Christ. Wanted to know if he lived in Bayamo. The peasants don't even get married. If a man wants to live with a girl he fixes up the deal with her father. After that he goes round at night and takes the girl away. The mother's really supposed to let out a few squawks – but only for the sake of decency.

I can tell you something that beats that. Ever heard of the *ñañigoes*? . . . one of those things the slaves brought over from Africa. In the old days they used to string them up by the dozen for sacrificing children. You'd never get anybody to admit it, but it still goes on in the Sierra. To give you a personal experience, I was in a bus on my way home once, going through Hornos, and the police held us up at a road block looking for arms for Castro. Do you know what they found in the luggage rack? A young girl's arm done up in brown paper. In some ways they're worse than animals.

Those were the kind of people who worked for us on the farm. We hadn't any choice. A few of them seemed to be instinctively good, but the rest were instinctively bad. There wasn't any happy medium. We were up against the bad ones all the time. They used to go in for stealing our coffee in a big way. I suppose they knew we were half afraid of them. It was nothing for a man to be a murderer up there. They used to boast about the people they'd killed. I remember I once got hold of a chap and accused him of stealing the crop. I can recall his very words. 'Look here, boss. Don't push it too far. My nerves aren't all that good. I've already done a couple of stretches for manslaughter, and besides that I've got 30 witnesses to say it's a lie.' It was always 30 witnesses.

An overseer ran the place for us. I can't say I liked him—in fact I used to mistrust him intensely – but he knew how to handle the labourers. He was a mulatto – a very smooth individual indeed. Sometimes I suspected him of being a *ñañigo* himself. It was about a couple of years ago when I noticed something funny about the atmosphere on the farm, so I went to him about it.

'Do you think it's got anything to do with

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my being a foreigner?' I asked him.

'Why should it?' he said. 'After all you've been farming up here for ten years now.'

'Could it be the war, then?' I said. The army and the rebels had been scrapping in the neighbourhood, and the planes had bombed one or two villages. I thought the war might be getting on their nerves.

'It could be that,' he said. 'Anyway, why not hold a *fiesta*? You can't go wrong with a *fiesta*. It would take their minds off their troubles. They'd like you all the better for it.'

I asked him what sort of a *fiesta*.

'Oh, I don't know,' he said. 'It wants to be a three-day affair, of course. You've got to think in terms of 50 gallons of rum. Horse-racing would be a good idea on the first day. After that a dance is the usual thing. The third day you might think of putting on a beauty contest. With substantial prizes.'

'A beauty contest. In God's name!' I said. 'What – up here? You weren't thinking of having them parade in bathing costumes by any chance?'

'No,' he said. 'We don't have to go to extremes. Just a normal beauty contest. They're all the rage these days. A *fiesta's* not a *fiesta* without one.'

So that was settled. We set out to make a really big splash. We even went to the trouble of building a special pavilion with a stage for the beauty contest. So far as I could see everything was going fine until the second day when the overseer turned up with a long face on. 'Boss, I'm worried. Something funny's in the wind. I've got an idea that someone's out to make trouble. I'm going down to Guisa for a couple of guards, just to be on the safe side.'

'I'll go myself,' I said.

'You can't do that,' he said. 'It wouldn't do. They'd take it badly if you went off. They might regard it as an insult. You know how thin-skinned they can be, especially when they've had a drink or two.'

He saddled up his mule and went off. 'Humour them. Be kind to them,' he told me. 'Regard them as children. Half the trouble's the poor quality of the rum they sell these days. It's not much better than slow poison.' I forgot to mention that this chap had a blue glass eye. I used to try not to look at it. The effect was truly horrible.

Next day we put on the beauty contest. The overseer was still away down at Guisa, but everything seemed to be going off smoothly enough. I'd have liked you to see the place where we had the pavilion. It was the most beautiful spot on this earth. There was a waterfall so high it looked as if it was pouring right out of the sky. And flowers – there were flowers everywhere. I wish I could tell you the names of some of those flowers. It made me happy to see all those lovely girls strolling about the place on the arms of their brothers. They were all a bit sozzled – they had been since the first day – but never mind. Everybody was so quiet and happy. Before they went into the pavilion for the judging all the men took off their machetes and handed them over to us to be put under lock and key. They didn't raise the slightest objection when we suggested this. Whatever it was that had been worrying them, I had the feeling that things were all right again.

The first prize was a pig, and a length of silk to make a dress, and the winner was a foregone conclusion. Everybody knew that it would be a 15-year-old girl they called La Angelita. The fact they gave the name shows what everyone thought of her. Without any hesitation at all I'd say she was the loveliest creature I've ever seen – and a blonde, of all things. After the parade was over we let five minutes or so pass while we pretended to discuss points, and then we announced La Angelita as the winner. The verdict seemed to go down well enough, but while the clapping was still going on one of my servants came up to say that I was urgently wanted outside.

I went out and four of the biggest negroes I've ever seen were waiting for me. I'd seen them before. They were brothers, casual labourers who only worked off and on for liquor money, and they had that stunned expression on their faces that you come to recognise as something peculiar to a long drinking-jag on cheap rum. They all had machetes in their belts. A little negress was hanging about in the background, twisting her hands. One of her front teeth was missing, and she'd had a couple of kids without being able to decide who was the father.

One of the negroes took out his machete, felt the edge, and put it back in its sheath again. 'Look here,' he said, 'let's come to the point without mincing words. Our sister's the most beautiful girl in the Sierra. You've got about two minutes to change your mind about who it is wins the beauty competition. Are you a racialist by any chance?'

I went back and discussed the situation with the other judges. After that I held my hand up. Most of the peasants and the competitors were still in their places. 'The judges,' I said, 'have been urged by many of our friends among you, to give further consideration to their verdict, and in view of the extremely narrow margin of points gained by the winner over the runner-up, it's been decided to award two equal first prizes.' I then signalled to the back of the crowd, and the little negress came up to the platform.

The way they took it startled me. I don't know what I'd expected but no one said a thing. There was a dreadful silence. All you could hear was the waterfall splashing on the rocks half a mile away. Then they all got up and went out. What on earth's going to happen now? I thought. Nobody said a word. They seemed to be struck dumb. They just got up and went. Drifted away.

That evening the overseer got back. He brought a couple of men in uniform with him, but they weren't guards. They were too scruffy-looking, and they had long hair and beards. 'These gentlemen are officers in the rebel army,' the overseer said. 'There was a battle the day before yesterday. They took Guisa.'

'Gentlemen,' I said, 'this house is yours. Please come in and rest. What can I offer you? A Coca-Cola? Beer?'

'Thank you,' one of them said. 'Water will suffice. You, I take it, are the *latifundista*?' He had a very dry manner, and I didn't like the sound of that word *latifundista*. I didn't see why a farm of 400 acres should be described as a *latifundia*.

One of them asked a few questions, and wrote down some notes on a piece of paper, and then they went. This was the first chance I'd had to explain to the overseer what had happened.

'Do you know what you've done?' he said. 'You've inflicted a public humiliation on every girl who took part in the contest. To say nothing of the girl's family. It's the most shocking thing I've ever heard of.'

'What can I do?' I asked. 'You know their mentality better than I do.'

He thought about it. 'How many girls did you say entered?'

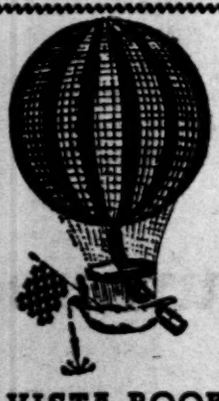
'Eighteen,' I said.

'Very well,' he said. 'Eighteen first prizes. It's the only remedy. You'll have to do something to calm the brothers down, too. Say a week's wages all round. And above all things try to handle it in a diplomatic way. Remember you've hurt their feelings.'

And that, in fact, was just what we did. The girls got their prizes, and the men a week's pay. And, I might add, we practically had to go down on our bended knees to get them to accept.

Even that didn't do us the slightest good. A week later the two rebel officers came back. They held a meeting of all the peasants and sharecroppers to ask them if they wanted to go on working for us, or whether they wanted to take the farm over and run it themselves.

Only two of them voted to stay with us, and they were a couple of mental defectives.



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The Arts and Entertainment

Vision! Vision! Mr Woodcock!

You start off with a picture: orchestras tucked away in valleys, people stopping Auden in the street to thank him for their favourite poem, teenagers around the juke-box arguing about my last play, miners flocking to their own Opera House; a picture of a nation thirsting for all the riches their artists can excite them with, hungry for the greatest, the best, unable to wait for Benjamin Britten's next opera, arguing about Joan Littlewood's latest.

Who will generate the vast dynamo that will electrify a nation of people into being excited about what they are and what they can do? The British Government, and politicians in general, measure their country by its industrial output and the extent to which it can bully other nations. Who else is there? I thought about this and I could think of only one organisation vast enough and sufficiently representative to do it, the trade union movement.

So a young trade unionist, Bill Holdsworth, and myself planned. With the help of another lunatic – Nicholas Tanburn, editor of the Oxford magazine *Gemini* – we made a pamphlet of a talk I gave in Oxford criticising the Labour Movement for its indifference to the arts, and we sent this pamphlet to every trade union secretary in the country. But criticism is not enough, so we worked out a plan, made another pamphlet of it and sent this off. No one told us we were mad because we told no one what we were doing. Advice is depressing and there was not enough time to be depressed. But we ourselves did not imagine there would be much response. Never mind, the subject would be aired, that would be something, and besides I thought, I am not going to be famous for long so let's exploit my name while the going's good.

But something did happen. Four unions replied. ACTT, NATSOPA, the Tobacco Workers' Union and the Society of Technical Civil Servants. 'We are not sure . . . not very hopeful . . worthwhile but sceptical . . . however, if there is anything we can do to help . . .' The next step was to hold a press conference so that those unions who ignored the pamphlets on their desks would be reminded by a paragraph in the national Press. But who would turn up to hear about a mad scheme such as ours? Twenty did, many of them industrial correspondents who felt a little out of place talking about the arts instead of a strike; and the following day's coverage was enormous. Then the letters began to trickle in from magazines asking if they could help. From rank-and-file trade unionists asking us to shape a resolution for them, from people who sent us poems and suggestions. Finally, ACTT informed us that their union had passed a resolution for this year's Congress, roughly on the lines of our one proposal which was simply that Congress should set up a commission to investigate and discuss what relationship the trade union movement should have to the cultural life to the community. So the battle was on. The challenge is now thrown at the trade union movement that it has a moral responsibility to see that the people for whom it stands in defence of their living conditions do not live in a culturally third-rate society.

I do not choose here to argue the case; the two pamphlets – obtainable from *Gemini*, 19 Holywell, Oxford – will suffice for that. What I have done is to relate what has happened, and what I now want to do is state where we stand. The position is that there are now two things to do next. The first is to wait. We must wait for more rank-and-filers to come through and say that they will start to build a campaign in their union. Now the beauty of this campaign is that the objective is simple; it is simply to persuade unions to support or table a resolution similar to the one mentioned and it is important that this campaign is conducted at both rank and file and executive level. The second is a problem for Holdsworth and myself. We have to organise a master plan. This plan will contain a number of schemes drawn up by already existing bodies or individuals concerned with the arts to widen their public and extend activities. The reason for this master plan is that when Congress finally passes that resolution they will not have to look in order to know *exactly* what relationship it could have to the arts.

The trade union movement could have been the most dynamic, exciting and colourful force in the community. Instead it is grey, unimaginative, disintegrating and an object of fun and derision – not even its grandchildren show it much respect. In order to fight the governing classes it used the tactics of the governing class – this is an ethic it can be proud of only if it remains tactical. Unfortunately, it looks as if the trade union movement has also inherited a complete philistine outlook.

Can this be changed? Visions have a splendid habit of cracking brick walls. I don't want to hear about problems, I don't want to be told we are mad. Problems can be faced when they arise. First of all we want a principle established – that art is a common heritage, not the habit of the few. And if the Opera House that the miners build, or Joan Littlewood's theatre, or the Liverpool Philharmonic only play to half-filled houses in our generation, *that* doesn't matter either. There are other generations to follow. The future costs money! We want a society built on the assumption that man is beautiful. It doesn't matter whether he is or not. On that assumption there is always the chance that he will be. Vision, vision, vision, Mr Woodcock!

ARNOLD WESKER

This Censorship

Censorship is a busybody's game. It needs stealth, and in this business of minding other people's morals your own should be undiscoverable, if not irreproachable. Small wonder the British Board of Film Censors dislikes being dragged into the open, that coarse words alarm it. Does it ban films? Heavens no, it suggests cuts. Does it reject? Never, it trips with a technicality. It may even object to the word Censor. Snip, snip it would go, behind the scenes, and no one the wiser.

So it makes no professions, gives no account of itself, hugs its secrets till publicly attacked. Then the machinery comes into play. Consider how it deals with Michael Croft's *Spare the Rod*, and how Mr Trevelyan, no Censor but the Board's secretary-spokes-

Note for next week

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Discussed by Brian Inglis of 'The Spectator'

ITV Friday August 5, 9.35
'ON TRIAL'
OSCAR WILDE

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man, tries to shift responsibility with this argument:

> [It] was never rejected by the Board; the company was merely told that as scripted it might qualify for an 'X' certificate and therefore abandoned the project.

'And *therefore* abandoned the project.' Precisely! An 'X' certificate means limited distribution and less or no profits to the producer; and so producers are scared off. The Censor knows this when he makes the threat; producers know it; intelligent script-writers have reason to dread it. It is one of his most artful weapons. Lest there should be any doubt about the attitude behind all this, we have it on record from Michael Croft that Mr Watkins, the Board's secretary of that day, exclaimed: 'I wish I had it in my power to ensure that this film would never be made.' He had. Now, six years later, the project is being taken up again. But is it the same project? A new script, not written by Mr Croft though vetted by him, is less punitive and omits an important scene in which the Creed is read. I am assured by Mr Croft that, notwithstanding, the book's sting and intention remain, and that the association with it of Max Bygraves need not be taken to mean any relaxation of standards. If that is indeed so, it will be interesting to see how the Censor reacts, being now under the public eye. I should point out that no details of cuts are published, and that evidence in the matter is difficult to gather because naturally those who may suffer from the Censor wish to keep on the right side of him. However, in this instance I have been able to talk with Mr Croft and with a director who has read the new script, so that if the film is eventually made there will be some check on the opposition it has had to encounter. The grounds for Mr Watkins's outburst were that *Spare the Rod* was dangerous (being against corporal punishment), un-English, and likely to provide propaganda for Moscow.

These remarks were – to accept Mr Trevelyan's terminology – 'non-political' (besides being, to anyone who has read the book, almost pathological); as was also the banning for 29 years of *Potemkin*. Another and recent example of 'non-political' banning is *Song of the Rivers*, directed by Joris Ivens, with music by Shostakovitch. The threat of more than half an hour's cuts ensured that it shouldn't darken our screens. When the East German documentaries *Operation Teutonic Sword*, *Holiday on Sylt*, and *Diary for Anne* were banned and I questioned this action, the answer given by Mr Trevelyan was that it was to protect living persons. The same concern, however, was not extended to Miss Gladys Aylward whose story came up, about the same time, in the film *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness;* unprotected by the Censor, she lodged an action for libel, and obtained compensation. Our Censorship therefore remains 'non-political' in a Pickwickian or Baldwinian sense. Mr Trevelyan informs us that the Board is quite independent and he accuses *me* of wanting political censorship; also of wanting to do away with censorship altogether. One of his ruses is to spatter his critics with charges of inaccuracy, while dodging the main issue. This he had tried with me and with Mr Hill, referring to a reply not yet published in *Encounter* which 'makes clear' that Mr Hill's original article was based on 'inaccurate information'. I have read this reply, and it does nothing of the kind.

But to get back to that more essential ploy, the 'X' certificate. Ostensibly for the protection of children (who can go home to screens over which he has no control), it has recently been used against John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* and *The Entertainer*, to name only two films both intelligent and costly; the difficulties put in their way must necessarily reduce the chances of similar enterprises in the future. I should add that, in the commercial run, horror films have already taken the limited distribution into account: they are turned out cheaply, have ready markets abroad, and the 'X' certificate is in itself a lure.

Other recent examples of films ditched by the British Board of Film Censors. Ichikawa's *Kagi*, after creating a stir at Cannes, was bought by Warner's for distribution under the title *Strange Obsession*. Mr Trevelyan let it be known, in an interview in a Sunday paper, that he hoped the film wouldn't be shown in England. His hopes have a way of being our losses. Nothing more has been heard of *Strange Obsession*. Again, two banned films of the beat generation: Leslie Steven's *Private Property* (banned) and Bernard Girard's *Party Crashers* (banned also?), described by responsible critics as representative of that new wave in America of which we shall obviously hear far more than we are ever allowed to see.

What it all comes down to is this: the British Board of Film Censors is independent in the sense that, trade-appointed, it faithfully reflects the majority view of the trade. I don't pretend that Censorship is the sole reason for our unenviable position in the world of film-making; the system under which producers may be also distributors and owners of cinema-circuits still exerts a stranglehold; interference occurs at all stages from the script to the film seeking release.

The crucial test comes, as for most of us at this stage of the world's history, over the question of cruelty and violence. On this the Board remains firmly obscurantist: let in the muck, check the muck-raker. Sliced eyeballs, severed hands, brains slopping on to the floor may be all for our enjoyment, but never let us be seriously shocked or made to sit up!

Possibly – as in one of his more pathetic moments the Censor seems to suggest – we should be sorry for him in that dark cave where, frozen with terrors, scorched by intolerable lusts, he must suffer corruption that we may go pure. But we never asked him to.

After many months' wrangling, *The Entertainer* (Marble Arch, Odeon) has escaped from the Censor with an 'X' certificate and who knows what scratches, besides some shuffling round on its own. This is a brilliant, disappointing film. With Osborne and Neale's script and Tony Richardson's direction it can't help catching the eye, jabbing at the mind, bringing up another England than the usual one. But the inherent difficulties haven't really been solved. Loss of theatre, in a piece essentially theatrical, has been recompensed by taking us out and about. Jaunts along the front, a bathing-beauty contest, a holiday camp, illuminations, love among the caravans, the saloon bar, the old stagers' club: they present a fearsome documentary of seaside pleasures, besides being skilfully attached to the characters; but don't they unravel that nexus of death in the music-hall and England itself, which the play had so ingeniously knotted? So far as stage business goes, we have the advantage of going behind the scenes as well as in front; and Olivier's performance gains with the close-ups and also in some of the added scenes. Archie Rice dangles on in the memory, with his patter offstage and on, his broken-down walk, the wincing conviviality of the 'old poup'; and his words from the heart in an empty theatre come off – if only as part of Olivier's performance. Joan Plowright as his daughter does wonders with her counterpart of an angry young man, but it's only half a counterpart. Of the others from the old days Roger Livesey is far too much a sentimental old buffer, and Brenda de Banzie tends to stereotype her martyrdom. Altogether, *The Entertainer* is marking time; it should either have been fiercely stylised, or its makers should have moved on to something else. But for all that, in the context of British cinema, its bitter intelligence is a taste we can't do without.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Snub Direct

Nobody will envy the eight members of Miss M. O'Conor's committee, set up jointly by the BBC and the ITA to examine the suggestions made by the Nuffield Report, *Television and the Child*. The committee was faced with what is clearly an extremely difficult problem; it was hampered by the inadequacy of existing research in this problem; none the less, it met 17 times, taking written and oral evidence; after all this hard work, its report fills a substantial pamphlet, issued last week under the title *Children and Television Programmes* (BBC and ITA, 3s. 6d.) – but, astonishingly, the pamphlet has a brief foreword by the two authorities in which, after a perfunctory word of thanks to the committee, they reject its findings *in toto*!

Of course the rejection is wrapped up a bit, just as a minister giving a stalling answer says that 'all relevant considerations will be borne in mind.' So, 'although these specific recommendations of the committee cannot be adopted and acted upon, all those who work in broadcasting will feel stimulated by this thoughtful study.' Humbug! I doubt if one per cent of 'those who work in broadcasting' will give the report a second, or indeed a first, thought. No government, sitting on an awkward Royal Commission report, has ever shelved it with such cynical celerity.

Yet the situation is not quite so simple as that. There are undoubtedly people in authority in television who are aware that something must be done – in the interests of viewers who are technically adult as well as children – to check the flow of vulgar triviality, the constant display of false values, the episodes of violence 'lovingly retailed.' But what, precisely, to do, and how to do it? A full-scale censorship, either official (as for the theatre) or 'trade' (as for the cinema), with certification of programmes? The objections to this are manifold: two of them are that such a censorship would tend to play safe and to keep off television some serious works of art, which adults are entitled to want to start viewing before 9 p.m., and that, as things are, it would be impossible to prevent the children in many families from seeing certificate X or A programmes – and, indeed, the certificate might itself be an incentive to view, a promise of forbidden adult joys.

This central part of the problem – the actual family situation – has to some extent been shirked by both the committee and the authorities. Both pass the buck firmly to the parents: 'It is not for this committee to prescribe ideal bedtimes.' No, of course. But the BBC's suggestion that 'more information could be given in the *Radio Times* . . . so that parents could find out in advance when not to allow their children to view' must surely have been drafted by a spinster reared in a

singularly well-disciplined pre-TV home, and a home with more than one living-room in constant use. Statistics quoted in the report show that nearly five million children (including 38 per cent of all 5-7 year olds) were watching TV at 8.30 p.m. on a sample Friday: I wonder how many of the parents of these millions had been trying for some hours to coax them to bed?

So we are, really, driven back to the programme-content; and here again, short of censorship, it is not easy to devise a code. Are 'westerns' harmful? (Some are looked askance at in the report.) But last Saturday's *Bronco* (the western, not the lavatory-paper) contained relatively little violence, and its chief moral seemed to be that one should be kind to Indians. Is Dickens okay? But the BBC's excellent production of *Great Expectations*, which has been shown repeatedly in the actual children's hour, contains scenes – the escaped convict on the marsh, the burning to death of Miss Havisham – as horrific as anything on TV . . . and the report observes that 'children often keep to themselves the secret of what has frightened them.'

Neither children nor television programmes exist in a vacuum: coming into being in a corrupt and avaricious society, they partake of its nature. But we cannot wait until the basis of society is changed to deal with some of its more flagrant evils. It is cowardly and irresponsible of the broadcasting authorities not to have experimented with some at least of the committee's proposals for a machinery of control – *e.g.*, the advisers on children's viewing – and not to have agreed to lead the way in the recommended research.

TOM DRIBERG

The Straight and Narrow

I've always had a private theory that all would be well at Stratford if only they would play Shakespeare straight, with no nonsense and no gimmicks. But now Peter Hall and John Barton have almost done so, I can see how wrong I was. In principle their production of *Troilus and Cressida* is admirable. The only scenery is a sand pit, a backdrop and a few small movable props. More important, they have had the courage to present the play in an almost uncut version. For this relief much thanks. But there is a critical difference between a straight production and an unsophisticated one.

With the occasional exception of Patrick Allen's Achilles and Derek Godfrey's surprisingly easy-going Hector, the minor characters are all reduced to schoolboy caricatures. As Agamemnon, Peter Jeffrey bumbles ineffectively, and shuffles and coughs with embarrassment when Ulysses points this out. James Bree's Nestor is a parody old man to end all parody old men, a Polonius so far gone in his dotage as to seem simply stupid. Paul Hardwick turns Ajax into a Li'l Abner primitive forever either huffing or puffing or kicking his heels bashfully in the sand. As Cassandra, Frances Cuka mistakes sneezing for divine inspiration. And so it goes on. In the whole pack there is scarcely a hint of dignity or intelligence.

The fault is in the directors' attitude to the poetry. The play, as everyone knows, is one of the most philosophical Shakespeare ever wrote. The immense concentration of the writing is a result of a continual tension between strong feeling – desire, disgust, aggression – and a moral imperative of honour and political responsibility. It has the anti-romanticism of maturity. The directors, however, take a plain man's attitude to the verse, as though it was simply an ordeal to be got through and hang the meaning. So what the actors said had scarcely any connection with what they did. When Troilus, for example, cries out to Cressida that time 'scants us with a single famished kiss, distasted with the salt of broken tears', they are neither kissing nor weeping. And if the directors must indulge their one bright idea of playing the battle through a choking London fog, why smash the impression of confusion and horror with farmyard antics from Ajax?

But the real battle is not between the Greeks and the Trojans, it's between the leading actors and the poetry. Denholm Elliott as Troilus demonstrates once again that, excellent actor though he may be in modern plays, Shakespeare is not his thing. He simply hasn't the range of voice. So he contents himself with proving that one may smile and smile and be a hero. As Cressida, Dorothy Tutin, looking more provocative than one could imagine her being, began beautifully, only to throw her cleverness to the winds and play her love scenes like a spoilt schoolgirl. As Thersites, the magnificent Peter O'Toole, dressed as though he had wandered in from a play by Beckett, is toned down to the point of inaudibility. He is allowed to express more with his pathetic knock-kneed stance than with his voice.

Mercifully, the play is redeemed by two excellent performances. Eric Porter is, as usual, clear, intelligent and serious as Ulysses. He does not waste a syllable and manages the seemingly impossible feat of delivering his long, complex speech on time with his face inches from Achilles's. But the triumph of the production was Max Adrian's Pandar. If I say he tingles from head to foot with vicarious desire, flaps busily around in a kind of delighted paroxysm of voyeur scheming, it sounds overdone. It isn't. He is a scamp without for a moment being ridiculous. As a result, he provides the one focus of aroused, indulgent and corrupt impotence for the whole play. When he tones down the spite of his final speech, he will be as fine a Pandar as we are likely to see.

A. ALVAREZ

The Sylph, at Sadler's Wells

The Sylph is a two-act ballet which was first produced in Paris in 1832. It initiated a theme which was to become fashionable and almost essential to the great Romantic era of ballet in the nineteenth century. The theme, copied in many later works such as *Ondine, Giselle, Le Lac des Cygnes*, concerns an immortal female becoming enamoured of a mortal male and, through her passion, causing her own and her lover's destruction. In *The Sylph* the scene is set in Scotland, with a glorious young man in a kilt being seduced by a fairy who really flies and whose wings drop off once she is contaminated by human love. The Ballet Rambert production, staged by the Swedish dancer Elsa Marianne von Rosen, is of an infinitely higher quality than anything done by this company for a long time. It is interesting to see how a new producer can arouse a fresh kind of artistry in dancers with whom we imagine we are familiar. The general roughness has gone, though the liveliness remains. There is a sense of period that is never coy and, above all, there is a feeling of discipline and coherence to this excellently constructed ballet that makes it a great pleasure to see. Miss von Rosen and her immaculate partner, Flemming Flindt, danced the main parts beautifully and with its rustic highland decor *The Sylph* should fill theatres wherever these strolling dancers go.

A.F.

HIROSHIMA DAY

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Correspondence

REPORT ON THE CONGO

SIR, – May I add a few words for the record?

When I wrote at the beginning of last week I did not know – what has since become quite clear to me – that most of the blame for the chaos in the Congo must fall directly on the shoulders of the Belgian officers of the *Force Publique* and, subsequently, of the Belgian army itself.

I am even doubtful now whether the *Force Publique* can be said to have mutinied at all – at least, in any genuine sense of the word. What has passed into newspaper currency as a mutiny now appears, with some exceptions (but not many), to have been no more than an attempt to defend the Congo from Belgian military 'reprisals and punitive expeditions' (see *The Times*, 21 July).

Since finishing my article I have had information from Stanleyville – one of the towns where the 'mutiny' was said to have been most serious – which throws an entirely new light on the situation. There, according to my informant (whom I regard as trustworthy), the 'mutiny' began when African other ranks set about recovering arms that had been taken from *Force Publique* armouries by Belgian officers and handed round to civilian Europeans. A considerable quantity of small arms, including some automatics, was recovered in this way; at the beginning, apparently, without a single incident.

Thereafter the Belgian officers in the *Force Publique* (there wasn't, as we know, a single African officer) seem to have connived deliberately with other Europeans in spreading panic among the Stanleyville whites – with the result that frantic calls for help were soon going out over every available telegraph or short-wave transmitter. This panic occurred in many parts of the Congo: very rarely, it seems, with any justification in African behaviour.

The further we go from the confusion of those days, in fact, the fewer become the actual number of authentic rapes and murders. Yet the hysterical illusion that the number was large – and growing daily larger – served to cover the return of the Belgian army. And the Belgian army set about its reprisals and punitive expeditions with a ferocity that would have done credit to the French *paras* of Algeria. Anyone who suspects this may be an exaggeration biased by undue sympathy for the African cause should take a look at *Time* magazine for 23 July: it contains a dramatic and factual account of how and why the Belgian army 'got out of hand'.

One of the worst cases seems to have been at the Congo port of Matadi. Here, fortunately, two excellent British reporters (from the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Telegraph*) were quickly on the scene; and we know from their reports that the Belgians first evacuated their own people from Matadi and then submitted the town to a ruthless and entirely unprovoked bombardment, causing heavy loss of life. This, mind you, occurred many days *after* the Belgians had formally conceded independence to the Congo.

But there is plenty of reason to fear that Matadi was not an isolated case of Belgian violence. Witness, in this connection, the repeated efforts of the UN force to get the Belgians out of the Congo – or at any rate to separate them from contact with the Congolese.

The latest case of 'mutiny' is perhaps the most illuminating of all. This occurred at Kolwezi in the Katanga. Some 200 other ranks of the *Force Publique* are said to have refused to lay down their arms and hand over control to the Belgian forces which are now in occupation of the Katanga (against, needless to say, the will of the properly constituted government of the Congo). For this refusal these loyal other ranks were attacked by air and land troops of the Belgian army and reduced at considerable cost of life. How can these men, defending the sovereignty of their newly-independent land, possibly be regarded as mutineers.

The Belgians went into the Congo, long years ago, in a manner they are now ashamed to remember. How sad they should come out of it in a manner their children will be no less eager to forget.

BASIL DAVIDSON

7 Woodland Road, SW13

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HEINEMANN

MR LUMUMBA AND THE POLICE

SIR, – As a journalist, I watched some of the episodes of Mr Lumumba's five-hour stay in London last Saturday. The attitude of the police, I thought, amounted to a dangerous mistake about the sort of people who are likely to use public violence in these days.

At the airport, a crowd of friendly demonstrators had assembled with placards to welcome Mr Lumumba and to wish the Congo well. Most of them were either members of the Committee of African Organisations or of the South Africa Freedom League, but far the most conspicuous persons there were two men in raincoats who had been led up to the crowd by a police sergeant in uniform. These men occupied themselves in drifting silently up behind individuals in the crowd, listening to their conversation and taking notes of it; a job which they carried out clumsily enough to attract general notice. One journalist, irritated by the repeated appearance of a detective's ear within inches of his mouth, had to announce loudly that he felt hemmed-in before the man would move on. When my turn came to be sampled for sedition, I moved with my companion three times to different parts of the crowd, but each time found the same man standing behind my shoulder within a couple of minutes. The effect of this gumshoe act was to amuse the crowd, but more seriously, it made the job of a journalist impossible by preventing private conversations.

That was a demonstration of welcome. A few hours later, during a ferociously hostile demonstration outside the Ritz, a man detached himself from the crowd, approached the High Commissioner of Ghana, insulted him obscenely for the colour of his skin and then struck him to the ground. The High Commissioner's secretary had previously asked the police for added protection because he did not like the look of things, although he might have expected Mr Lumumba to be the target of any violence. But the police were taken by surprise.

This shaming incident and the scene at the airport confirm what organisers of political meetings have been saying for some time: that the police are still living in a world in which most political violence is the work of a revolutionary left wing. But that has been untrue for 25 years in this country. Thuggery comes now from the right-wing extremists and from the political racialism which has taken root in London, and which has by no means shot its bolt yet. If the authorities spend a quarter of the energy they waste overhearing the gossip of pinkish South African refugees on forestalling Mosley and his allies, weekend politics in London will be as calm as the Sabbath.

NEAL ASCHERSON

136 Cromwell Road, SW7

MRS JONES THE TELLY

SIR, – I do not doubt that if our skins were coloured, the NEW STATESMAN would be prominent in defence of the Welsh people against the colonialism – and old-fashioned colonialism at that – of the present government in Wales. The nation that produced Lloyd George and Aneurin Bevan is not likely to neglect the 'important social questions' which your correspondent seems to think should have a monopoly of its attention. While giving effective service to social questions, the radical politicians of Wales have also consistently opposed the evils of patronage and privilege wherever they occur, and our present MPs would certainly be lacking in their duty were they to ignore the nation-wide opposition to this further example of the flagrant disregard of the wishes of the people by ministers and a government which seem bent on thrusting unjust measures on a nation which has firmly rejected their party ever since 1868.

Mr Brooke's tenure of the Ministry for Welsh Affairs has been remarkable, so far, for three typically Tory knavish tricks. When the Welsh MPs were united in their opposition to Liverpool's scheme for drowning the Tryweryn Valley in Merioneth, he brought up reinforcements of English Conservative members to defeat the small Welsh contingent in the House. Then (since promising Tory politicians do not waste their time trying to win seats in Wales) he found that there was no suitable candidate among the democratically elected representatives of the Principality to serve as his assistant, or 'colonial under-secretary'. He did not hesitate to pick upon a non-Welsh speaking industrialist, almost completely unknown outside the semi-county circles of Brecon, designate him Minister of State for Wales and elevate him to the peerage. And now, in 1960, as if to repay what he imagines is 'a Welsh Establishment' for the injury to his dignity in 1957, when he was advised that it would be unwise for him to appear on the Eisteddfod platform, following his betrayal of Tryweryn, he does 'another Brecon' on us by elevating a hitherto practically unknown woman to be chairman of the Welsh Broadcasting Council. He, and his ever-loyal Prime Minister, have persisted in this appointment despite the most remarkable demonstrations of united opposition that Wales has seen for many years, and once again he had to bring up English reinforcements to defeat the motion of censure moved by Jim Griffiths.

Your readers will surely sympathise with the two and a half million Welshmen who are receiving such cavalier treatment from ministers who received the backing of fewer than half a million Welsh voters.

FRANK PRICE JONES

University College
Bangor

THIS NANNY

SIR, – Mr John Trevelyan tries to pass off himself and the British Board of Film Censors as a typical British compromise. He argues that the Board, like the truth, lies somewhere in between – virtuously avoiding the extremes of Derek Hill's censorless anarchy and France's rigorous state censorship. May it not be that Mr Trevelyan is further to one side than he thinks?

For instance, why is it necessary to cut X and A films? Mr Trevelyan states that 'the primary function of film censorship is the protection of children.' But it is forbidden for children under 16 to see X films at all. If cuts in A films are justified by the argument that children may see them, at their parents' discretion, then where is the point in parental choice? If the film is cut beforehand, then the parents' decision is rendered meaningless. Better to abandon this halfway house, and merely have U and X certificates.

And why should the Board have the right to ban any film? The banning of East Germany's *A Diary for Anne, Operation Teutonic Sword* and *Holiday on Sylt* makes nonsense of Trevelyan's claim that the Board is politically independent. By bans, and cuts in X and A films, the Board shows that it means to limit the adult's right to see what he likes. In a democracy, the adult should be his own censor, in films as in books and newsprint. An X certificate, without cuts, should be the highest penalty in the Board's power.

The worst revelation in Derek Hill's *Encounter* article was the fact that 80 per cent of British scripts are seen by the censors before shooting begins. This means that there are two hurdles for a film to jump before it gets a public performance – and when J. Lee Thompson reports that there were 90 objections to the script of *Ice Cold in Alex* and 50 to *No Trees in the Street*, one wonders which is the great deterrent. All this, and the box-office too.

Let the censors loose on the children, by all means. They need protection from violence and premature sex. But why should adults have to tolerate the kind of shackles on freedom of expression which were shed by the Press as long ago as 1695?

RAY BEATY

20 Chaucer Road
Bedford

LEARNING TO READ

SIR, – I know it is a dangerously emotive subject, but all the same I am surprised that learning to read by means of a simplified alphabet was not mentioned in Mary Stewart's article.

Since we have illiterates, and since, as Mrs Stewart says, nearly every child *can* be taught to read and write, our teaching methods must be imperfect. Surely, then, our faults in teaching must be counted among the causes of backwardness, and an improvement in method among the ways of dealing with illiteracy?

There has been for the past hundred years plenty of evidence that difficulties in learning to read correlate significantly with the inconsistencies of our spelling customs. Generations of our greatest linguistic scholars and educationists have believed they must be remedied for the purposes of teaching to read, before the potentialities of learning can be realised. As long ago as 1878, a hundred school boards, headed by the London School Board and supported by the National Union of Elementary Teachers, the Society of Arts, the Social Science Association, and *The Times*, approached the Lord President of the Council and formally asked for a Royal Commission to investigate the subject. The request failed. We have ever since ignored both the evidence and the opinions of our experts.

I suggest that we should feel as much disquiet over this as we feel over brainwashing. We have recently again been reminded of Pavlov's dogs, confused, anxious, and finally apathetic because they could make no sense of meaningless signals; and we have heard how some adults have been made irresponsible by similar means. The notion has even been advanced that Mr Khruschev hopes to achieve the same result with the same methods in the adult humans of the West.

If dogs and adult humans can be reduced to impotence by subjecting them to meaningless signals, what can we expect of a backward child confronted with the idiosyncracies of English spelling – which he has to make sense of before he can proceed to the business of learning? Who knows how many children are backward or illiterate, or semi-literate, simply because they *reject* what they see as stupidities they are forced to respect? Indeed, who can say how far ahead of the game normal, even bright, children might be if they had not to pass through the initial frustrations of making sense of confusion?

MARY ABERCROMBIE

13 Grosvenor Crescent
Edinburgh 12

HOMOSEXUALITY

SIR, – The whole subject of homosexuality seems be-devilled by two considerations: the question of what is natural and unnatural, and whether it is a disease. Could we see clearly on these two issues, without emotion or prejudice, we should be able to make a true assessment of the subject and thereby give the greatest help to homosexuals.

It seems to me that to speak of homosexuality as unnatural is to misuse terminology: natural can either mean that which is according to the nature of man, whether physical or spiritual, or that which is according to the particular nature of a particular individual. On neither of these grounds can homosexuality be regarded as unnatural: physically speaking, man belongs to the animal world; and that world, judging by its behaviour, is relatively indifferent to sameness or difference of sex in its sexual desires. Spiritually speaking what differentiates the human from the animal is that the human does not regard sexual desire as the only motive for action – in other words lust is unnatural, love of any kind is never unnatural. If, on the other hand, we are speaking of that which is according to the nature of a particular individual, then surely homosexuality *is* natural to a homosexual, as certainly as heterosexuality is natural to a heterosexual. The only way in which the term unnatural can be used of sexual relations between the same sex is from a purely biological standpoint, in that bodies of the same sex are obviously not formed for sexual fulfilment in the same way as bodies of opposite sexes. That, however, is to restrict the term natural to a purely biological sense and to forget emotional motivation and physical desire, which are as natural to man as biological necessity.

Nor can I see any evidence which would lead one to think of homosexuality as a disease or even a neurosis in the sense in which the latter word is usually used. In certain societies, notably the Greek world, homosexual relations were regarded as the most noble and right relations and were almost universal: are we then to think that all Greeks had unhappy home backgrounds as Clifford Allen would suggest? Or is it not rather a matter of what is or is not socially acceptable? I am very dubious, from the evidence of many a psychologist who has spoken to me, whether homosexuality can ever be 'cured': most of the so-called 'cures' I suspect are really of bi-sexuals rather than of homosexuals. All that can be said of homosexuality is that it is probably a retarding of sexual development, which yet has little or no effect on the rest of the personality.

If we were to stop thinking of homosexuality as either unnatural or a disease, we should understand how best to help the homosexual, which is surely to encourage him to develop his personality to the full in the highest rather than the lowest way: to help him to find someone whom he can love, rather than let him waste his energies and his life in promiscuous and unsatisfying physical desire; and not to place any legal or social barriers in the way of his finding that love. If he could do so, his life would be as fulfilled as is the life of any other human being and he would no longer need furtively to try to find temporary satisfaction of a physical need. It is going to be difficult enough for him to find such love even if society helps him, it is going to be impossible if society pursues its present path of pursuing him with the law and with social ostracism. If we wish homosexuals to go on in their present corrupted and lustful pattern of life, we are doing all we can to encourage them in the present state of public opinion. As a Christian priest I would say that the fulfilment of love is never wrong, the mere satisfaction of animal lust is always wrong.

D. A. RHYMES
Vicar

All Saints
New Eltham, SE9

THE ENGLISH SUNDAY

SIR, – I view with growing apprehension and even with horror the advent of yet another serious Sunday newspaper.

Since the split up of the present two into a weekend and news section, I notice that certain friends of mine who used to be seen up to about Tuesday with the Sunday newspapers are now still carrying bulky armfuls of newsprint as late as Thursday of the same week.

I have come to the conclusion that if, as appears to be the case, we are in for yet a third, there are three possible courses open:

(1) to cancel all engagements on Sundays, and divide the day up into three equal parts.

(2) To take Sunday newspapers only on alternate Sundays.

(3) To cancel the lot, and take a Sunday 'cheesecake' newspaper instead.

A. SENAT

Mote House
Courtland Avenue, NW7

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The World At This Moment

WILLIAM WALSH

Becoming a poet in the Fifties must have been one of the severest disciplines anyone could put himself to. That difficult, dangerous period when a talent is forming had to be passed in a time governed more than most by fictions of status, affluence, acceptance. A sensibility had to be constructed not in a society whose system ran with and supported a current of genuine life but in a marshmallow world with convictions hardly robust enough either to accept or reject. But if it was hard, it wasn't unpopular. There was a clutch of poets who began to arrive in the Fifties. They called themselves the Movement. But I am inclined to think that what they had in common wasn't motion – they had no agreed point of departure and certainly no concerted destination – but rather a posture, a negative stance.

> After so many (in so many places) words,
> It came to this one, No.
> Epochs of parakeets, of peacocks, of paradisiac birds –
> Then one bald owl croaked, No.

These young poets who depended above all on a freshness of contact with actuality, but who lived in a world infatuated with illusion, developed, had to develop, a cool evasive skill and an aptness in the tactics of disengagement. This was part of the success many of them had – one thinks of Larkin, Davie, Holloway, Conquest, Elizabeth Jennings, Enright – in devising a sensibility in keeping with the times, together with the voice through which it could be projected. The sensibility was agile and fluent, the voice casual and intelligently modulated. There was nothing stark or grand in the one, nothing inflatedly poetic in the other. A detached and modest manner, a dry decency of feeling, an utterance, in which, at its best, the contours of the verse are fitted exactly to the curves of contemporary speech – these are the marks of a poetry which strikes the reader as being authentically and altogether naturally modern.

There are, of course, traces in all these poets of strain and youth and earlier manners – the jagged and impeded line, the blatantly cerebral energy, the heavily laborious construction. But in all of them at their best, and especially in the two who seem to me both the most representative and the most individual of them, Philip Larkin and D. J. Enright, the characteristic movement is light and gliding and unreluctant. Skill in manoeuvring a lively, liquid rhythm and ability for divining in the current shabby and mutilated language unforced and natural vivacities are two of the gifts which distinguish these poets of the Fifties. They can be seen having scope and play in a new book of verse* by D. J. Enright, a poet whose work gives the impression of possessing very vividly the quality of currency. It has the air more perhaps than any of the others of registering this world at this moment and of rising out of, and being addressed to, our perplexities as they are now.

Like his fellow poets Enright has an eye for the thematic possibilities of novel and distinctly contemporary tracts of experience. The events of the poet's life play an important part in a poetry which has a solidly objective character. On the whole the poets of the Fifties do not look on a sequence of poems as a variety of poses best calculated to display aspects of the fascinating ego. Enright himself has spent most of his career since Cambridge abroad, and this international experience seems to have a peculiar relevance to modern life. He has worked as a university teacher in Germany, Egypt, Japan, Siam, India and Malaya, countries which expose the sensitive nerve of the modern world. As a teacher of a self-conscious generation he is in direct touch with people's intimately human concerns; as a post-imperial Englishman his human shape is unmuffled by the toga, his relationships undistorted by the hypocrisies of power or obedience. He writes in 'Entrance Visa' in his new book:

> We were the Descendancy. Hurt but not surprised.
> Atoning for our predecessors' every oath and sneer,
> We paid in poverty the rich men's debt.

With no pretensions but to be human (both a modest and a gigantic ambition), the poet is qualified to join a dozen communities in as many lands. To say that he joins is perhaps too strong a way to describe his relation to the community. He is aware of the sense in which each place is for him only 'a change of homelessness'; and he has to preserve that measure of detachment necessary for the attentive and adequate observer. On the other hand, wearing no more than the nakedness, the anonymity, of humanity and being also 'a perpetual refugee' may well be the essential entrance visas into many countries, as well as the most difficult to secure. So much of the poetry of the Fifties is like this, the poetry of the observant wanderer who, wherever he is, always cunningly sites himself to catch some eloquent notation of the human scene. A mere list of subjects from Enright's new book will suggest something of the variety of the world seen by this sharp contemporary eye and something of the agility with which the observer-poet gets into position: sitting in a German park, meeting an Egyptian at a cocktail party, Berlin dustbins and funeral facilities, a noodle-vendor's flute, Mr Yamashiro-No-Shojo who is declared a Human National Treasure, a barge full of rice, a kite fight, a Japanese story (1687) called *The Conspectus of Sodomites*, the last male quagga left alive.

The poet's glance, we can tell from his treatment of these subjects, wry and original as it is, is bent upon reality. The existence of these 'sad and naughty persons', their odd and slippery jobs, their ambiguous yet appealing relationships, is fully and firmly established – and with the minimum of descriptive reference. (These poems are quite unpadded, and rest elegantly on nothing more than their own bones.) Disciplined observation, we realise, can be a remarkably productive poetic instrument; it is, indeed, an important and neglected human power.

> The flame-tree shames us, one and all:
> for what fit audience, though few, do we afford?

And to notice a thing with the poet's fine, unblurred particularity is to rescue it from falling into the refuse of life.

> If we do not observe, who will?
> Will anything observe or mourn for us?

The observation of the poet is not, of course, the neutrality of the mirror. It depends upon a particular attitude and carries a special tone. In Enright's case as with most of these poets the attitude is pitying, the tone ironic.

> Only one subject to write about: pity.
> Self-pity: the only subject to avoid.
> How difficult to observe both conditions!

The pity is without the least taint of *de haut en bas;* it is a level, unfussy feeling, of which the impulse is seeing in another's plight an extension of one's own and recognising his nature within one's own self. It is an acknowledgement of the common thing in men: 'And being common Therefore something rare indeed.' 'Men are brothers', murmurs this voice, lucidly, lovingly – a simplicity which is immediately corrected to a more astringent, complicated comment, 'Some men are brothers'. The peculiar flavour of these poems comes from combining the mild (a favourite word of the poet), the mild taste of charity with the acrid one of 'real cities, real houses, real time'.

Enright's poetry, I am convinced, is deeply serious. I am aware in it, for all its spry and modern matter, of a traditional – not a conventional – wholesomeness of feeling, and for all its mobility of manner, of a steadiness of moral centre. But I hope I have not suggested that it is in any way solemn. It also shows, like much modern writing, the disillusioned urchin grimacing behind a respectable back or the dead-pan peasant pulling the Unesco Fellow's leg. This poet, it is clear from his poetry – quite apart from his other writings – is a man of considerable learning, even *gravitas;* he is also, equally clearly, an outrageously mischievous comic: Johnson and Boswell curiously sharing a single skin. This is a blend of temperaments which is very much of the present and decidedly attractive. Perhaps the best figure for this sensibility is the subject of one of his own poems, 'The Noodle-Vendor's Flute', an ingenious device, 'merely a rubber-bulb and metal horn', made like this to keep the lips from being frozen by the night winds. In itself it is a kind of snook cocked at a more

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* *Some Men are Brothers.* By D. J. ENRIGHT. *Chatto & Windus.* 10s. 6d.

literary flute. It cries the vendor's wares as he cycles from spot to spot on the look-out for manholes and late drunks, and it is the accompaniment, like most poetry in the Fifties, to the difficult and rather comic business of making a living.

The puffing vendor, surer than a trumpet,
Tells us we are not alone.
Each night that same frail midnight tune
Squeezed from a bogus flute,
Under the noise of war, after war's noise,
It mourns the fallen, every night,
It celebrates survival –
In real cities, real houses, real time.

Baroda

The shy were not too shy;
The nationalistic not too nationalistic;
The Good-Old-Timers not incredible;
The poor were not too poor,
Or not too obvious.

A place where one might leave the heart
Ajar for some small emotion,
Suited to the sarees and the gardens.
The gardens were soft and silky;
The sarees were gardens.

A betel chip built palaces in the mouth;
The Coffee Board's coffee (threepence a cup)
Was frankly enjoyable. As we left the town
A small round cloud rolled over in the sky,
Enough to make a very decent tear.

D. J. ENRIGHT

The Price of the Bomb

Survival. Edited by JOHN M. FOWLER. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*

Hardly any other topic has aroused so much emotion among the general public, hardly any other problem has so much divided the scientific world, as the fallout from tests of nuclear weapons. The estimates of hazards resulting from fallout have ranged from non-existent, or at best negligible, to very serious and even catastrophic. One very eminent scientist had calculated that the testing of one large H-bomb may result in several hundred thousand casualties, while another scientist claimed that not a single case of cancer will be induced by fallout from all the tests put together.

The main reason for this vast discrepancy was ignorance, ignorance about the physical factors concerning the time and spread of fallout material, about its uptake by plants and animals and, above all, the biological effects of small amounts of radiation. Under these circumstances any estimate of the hazard was bound to be a guess, often influenced by the views held about the desirability of testing nuclear weapons. Such a purely scientific problem as to whether there is a threshold for biological effects or not became a political issue.

The only advantage of that controversy was that it stimulated intensive research into the various aspects of fallout, and although we still know far too little, enough has been achieved to enable us to base the estimate on objective arguments and to narrow considerably the gap between opposing views. An account of the subject is now given in *Survival*. It consists of a series of articles written by ten American scientists and one politician, and it represents a dispassionate, balanced and thorough survey of the whole problem, which should enable a bewildered public to make up its mind on the subject of testing nuclear weapons.

Although the title of the British edition is *Survival – a Study of Superbombs, Strontium-90, and Fallout*, it is the same book which was published a few months earlier in the USA called *Fallout – a Study of Superbombs, Strontium-90 and Survival*. The reason for shifting the operative word is presumably the existence of another book called *Fallout* published in this country a few years ago. The new title is somewhat misleading since only three chapters deal with the problem of survival in a nuclear war. Most of the book is concerned with tests of nuclear weapons. The chapters, each written by a specialist in his field, give lucid accounts of the physics of the bomb, the pattern of fallout over the world, the ways by which radioactive particles enter the food chain and the human body, the levels of radiation to which we may be exposed and the biological hazards both to us and to future generations. The facts presented include the findings up to the end of 1959, but with such a rapidly changing subject it is almost inevitable that the book should be partly out of date. Thus it appears now that the time of residence of radioactive debris in the stratosphere is even shorter than was thought a few months ago. This invalidates somewhat the section dealing with the predicted level of Strontium-90. If no further tests take place, the peak activity will be reached in 1961, or perhaps even in 1960, rather than in 1965, but this affects very little the main conclusions.

Among these, two are of particular interest. One, which should lessen the worry of many a young mother, is that much less Strontium-90 is incorporated into bones from milk than from plants. This is due to a discriminating effect in the cow, which reduces the ratio of strontium to calcium in milk from that in grass. For a given amount of calcium, which is a necessary part of the diet, much less strontium is therefore brought in if one takes it in milk. This is fortunate for us in Great Britain where 81 per cent of calcium in the diet comes from dairy products; it is unfortunate for Japan, where only 18 per cent is derived from this source, the rest coming from rice and other plants.

The other point brought out is that among various possible hazards, shortening of life, as measured in terms of man-days lost, may be the largest contributor. Although for any individual it may amount to about one day of life, when taken over the whole population of the world it adds up to seven million years lost, which is ten times more than the possible loss due to deaths from leukaemia. But in terms of suffering and unhappiness there is hardly any doubt that leukaemia, especially among children, will cause much more worry.

The conclusion that the radiation hazard is not the major issue with regard to bomb testing will be accepted by most people. But if so, the more's the pity that so little space has been devoted in the book to the consequences of a nuclear war. The weapons-tests issue is nearly won (although unpleasant surprises cannot be ruled out). The arguments against a continuation of tests, put forward by some of us several years ago, have now become part of the official policy of this country. What causes much more concern nowadays is the conditioning of the public to the possibility of a nuclear war, the attempts to show that it would not be as bad as some make it out to be.

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In this respect the book leaves much to be desired. The chapter by Congressman Holifield is a plea for a large civil defence programme, including deep shelters as part of the total national preparedness effort. One argument used by him is that Great Britain – among other countries – has already trained large sections of the population in civil defence measures and has formed highly organised civil defence corps! The chapter by Lapp on the consequences of a nuclear war, although presenting a very grim picture, is also aimed at assuring that survival is possible, particularly stressing the fact that in wartime much higher doses of radiation would be acceptable than in peacetime. However, the last chapter by Fowler puts the whole subject in the right perspective:

> A look at the casualty statistics and a knowledge of the destructive power of the bombs gives one the feeling that if a nuclear war could not destroy civilization and the economy in the warring countries, then perhaps we do not understand what is meant by civilization and national economy . . . Although it is true that the shelters would have some influence in deterring an attack, to most people it will seem foolish to spend billions of dollars to bury the nation underground when it so desperately needs schools and teachers, highways, adequate health programmes etc. To a half-starved world it would be another example of our self-centred approach to world problems. I would prefer to see the time, energy, and money spent on purposes more productive than civil defence.

Despite its shortcomings, the book deserves to be widely read. Its object is to inform, not to mould, opinion.

J. ROTBLAT

The Heritage and Decline of Prospero

The Pleasures of Exile. By GEORGE LAMMING. *Joseph.* 21*s.*

Mr Lamming is one of the most illuminating writers to come out of the brilliant group who, in a generation, have created a West Indian literature. But he has not stayed in the Caribbean; for ten years he has lived in this country in exile, and there's the rub. His present book is a mixture of protest and apologia; there is as much pain in it as pleasure. He is a garrulous writer and I would rather that quality in poets than in pundits; always intelligent and sensitive, he is sometimes conceited and wild, but fundamentally generous and serious. His opening description of the West Indian islands is wonderfully evocative and in his best manner. But why exile? What is the dilemma of the West Indian writer? The peoples of the islands have reached a considerable racial tolerance, they have long had a large indigenous administrative class and, in the towns, a high level of education. There are complaints that they have had to be almost driven towards political freedom. It has been said that the climate is too benign and that the islands are stagnant. Mr Lamming would call his negligent public the too-gratified, too self-interested and middle-class heirs of colonialism – which affects them in one of its subtlest forms. Educated for use and prestige, they do not read. Especially they do not read the West Indian writers and chiefly because these have come from the peasantry. Mr Lamming and others did their broadcasting, for example, from London and not from Port of Spain, which was too provincial to be interested

The difficulty is an old one in the Commonwealth. It exists even in Britain. Writers drift to the centres of power and liberality. Even in the United States literature was dominated by European taste and criticism until the very late nineteenth century. For whom, then, does Mr Lamming write? For exiles like himself, for a few like-minded people scattered all over the world and especially in those countries where the peasantry are in the violent process of emancipation. A large portion of the world's population is in exile. The exiled writer becomes an expert in 'the international situation' as it exists in the 'backward' countries; he becomes the teacher and moralist of change. For, to use the metaphor he has taken from *The Tempest*, Caliban has now learned the language of Prospero and even his magic, and Prospero himself is an exile in the island he took from his slave. It will not be enough in the countries of Africa for Prospero to be the teacher and servant; both parties must shed the elaborate clothing of colonialism and Prospero must become a citizen. (A point Mr Lamming might have made is that there is considerable danger in these countries of Prospero becoming a spiv.) Nor is the role of Caliban easier, for he is apt to take over Prospero's colonialism and impose it on his own people. The doctrine may die, but its effects do not vanish overnight. I don't know whether Mr Lamming has read Shaw's prophetic account of the future of Ireland in *John Bull's Other Island*.

All this may not be very original but it is put in a spirited way. As a West Indian Mr Lamming found himself living in a racial ivory tower. He was to discover the basic differences between the coloured populations in the northern and southern states of North America, the Africans and his own people. He began to suspect that for the educated West Indian it might be better to go to France or Germany than to Great Britain, simply for a cultural change. He saw how his people are cut off from the vehement industrialised Negro of the States and from the rooted people of Africa who have memories his own very mixed people have lost. Between these variants stands a shadow: the Indian - and to judge by one of his outbursts, Mr Lamming does not like this shadow. A poet, he feels literary enmities, I think, more strongly than racial ones. This section of his book ends a long and glowing account of the life of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

It is when we get to his comments on his exile in London that Mr Lamming is very disappointing. He loses his eye and, although here and there he makes a good point, he becomes a rambling commentator. His prose becomes obscure; the pundit has replaced the poet. He tells us that he reads verse aloud better than anyone else in England, and one can see that a person so formidable may very well have alarmed one or two landladies or testy little men going home from the office. It is known to most of us that one bad thing about Notting Hill was that it gave a deep moral shock to the West Indians who had been educated in our enlightenment. The Empire Loyalists disgrace the Empire. Yet he must know that British liberties are not a gift from Heaven, but have been fought for, often bitterly.

Mr Lamming has had many privileges. He has been able to travel in Africa and the United States. In the present state of the world original writers are used and turned into talkers, commentators and contact-men at large. This seems to me to show how totally culture has broken down – and not only in the West Indies – and how completely the

artist is despised. One book like *In the Castle of My Skin* is worth all the so-called cultural relationships – a work of art is such a relationship in itself. One can see how lazy Mr Lamming's eye has become by his brief and conventional account of Ghana and Nigeria. Mr Lamming is fond of the notion that we become 'colonised', which I take to mean that we are obliged to take part in false activities. He is right.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Lad from Ano Panayia

Cyprus and Makarios. By STANLEY MAYES. *Putnam.* 30*s.*

Emergency Exit. By SYLVIA FOOT. *Chatto & Windus.* 16*s.*

Just outside the village of Ano Panayia in western Cyprus is the monastery of Chrysorrhoyiatissa, one of whose possessions is a thaumaturgic ikon of the Virgin held in special reverence by criminals and those condemned by law. This obscure circumstance has a particular relevance for Mr Stanley Mayes, whose study of Archbishop Makarios attributes significance to the fact that Makarios was born nearby. Mr Mayes, it is clear, does not think highly of the Archbishop. He has other and more reasonable ways of justifying his highly-documented dislike, but it is with this mystic stuff that he opens his book's first page, and closes its last.

Similarly the pages in between are relentlessly chapter-headed with pejorative snippets of Shakespeare to point up the theme – Mr Mayes certainly gave the Concordance a bashing to reveal its morsels of *Henry VI:* 'Am I not a prelate of the church? Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps and useth it to patronage his theft.' 'Why, I can smile and murder whiles I smile', and so on. From this old-world technique it may be deduced that Mr Mayes is under no compulsion to replace the Archbishop's hat with a halo, and that his inspiration was somewhat nearer to the late PIO and Government House than to the Ethnarchy. That being accepted, the book is a good painstaking piece of special pleading. It is dedicated to the proposition that Makarios is an autocrat, an accessory to murder, a liar, and a cheat, with a black past and a doubtful future. Otherwise, as the saying goes, it is very favourable. No evidence is produced that the Archbishop eats babies.

Michael Christodoulos Mouskos, the peasant's son, poor novice of Kykko, scholarship student of Boston, became the Primate Makarios III in 1950 at the age of 37. From then on, throughout all the problems of Cyprus,

> in the end you always came up against the personality of Archbishop Makarios and his enigmatic smile. No settlement seemed possible without him – and yet no settlement seemed possible with him.

The reason, Mr Mayes concludes, was because he never wanted one; 'to travel hopefully – or at least on the hopes of others – may have seemed to him a better thing than to arrive.'

The autocephalous Orthodox Church of Cyprus enjoys a seniority of 14 centuries over the Church of Greece; its Primate ranks in dignity with the four Patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem. He is entitled to the privileges of the Byzantine Emperors: he may wear the cope of Imperial purple and sign his name in Imperial red. All this, Mr Mayes feels, may have been a bit much for the peasant lad from Ano Panayia. He does not, however, make the silly point about 'priests interfering in politics'; Mr Mayes knows his subject very well; the Cyprus Ethnarch is the traditional repository of political resistance, and makes no complaint at being judged for what he is, a political figure.

Mr Mayes does not like Makarios, but he has worked well within his frame of facts and references, and his scheme is intricate and thorough, if not too analytical. (He accepts the authenticity of the 'Grivas diaries', for example, without question.) He puts the active Eoka strength at its best as some one-quarter of one per cent of the adult male Greek-Cypriot population, which he argues denies it the right to have been, like the Algerian and Palestine resistances, a 'national liberation movement'. He quotes the Cyprus-Is-Turkish Party as saying that 65 per cent of Greek Cypriots were Communists. (I recall Dr Kutchuk giving me the bizarre news in Ankara that '80 per cent of all Greek Cypriots held Party cards'!) At the same time he makes the reasonable point, which occasionally disturbed even well-wishers, that when Makarios formed his Transitional Government he entrusted half his Cabinet posts to inexperienced young ex-Eoka men of the extreme Right.

I should think that few men are easier than Archbishop Makarios to fear and deplore as an abstraction, or easier to like as a person. There is nothing in Mr Mayes's book to suggest that he ever knew Makarios or even met him; there is a good deal to suggest that he would in fact have run a mile to avoid doing anything of the kind. He has done a detailed and thorough job on his evocation of Makarios as a dangerous symbol; not much to reveal him as a man. He concludes that Makarios today is in an untenable position both morally and logically: either he is a failure who deserted his cause of Enosis and thus his followers, or he has not abandoned Enosis and will repudiate the Zurich-London agreements when he sees fit, *or* his Enosis campaign was never sincere at all, but only a cloak for his own ambitions. It is all very simple, and very sad.

There is perhaps no reason why an assessment of Cyprus should be tempered just because the new Republic will now need everybody's help. It is perhaps hard luck on Mr Mayes that the effect of his at this time should be fretful, graceless, and resentful; that now it is not the lemons that are bitter, but the grapes that are sour.

It is interesting that the contrasting image of Emergency Cyprus, conceived in a mood of reason, sympathy, and doubt, should have been written in Government House itself. I cannot recall anything quite like Lady Foot's book coming from any other Colonial Governor's wife, which is not surprising since there are not many Governor's Ladies like Lady Foot. Her account of family life behind the wire in that dreary embattled establishment in Nicosia is touching and funny and sharp and sad; she does not elaborate on the Cypriot issues except as something a cultivated and fastidious woman found not only intolerably irksome but spiritually lowering. Behind the gossip is a manifest bitterness at the imbecile state of affairs that turned her home into a cage and forced a decent household to fuss away in a condition of sordid siege.

Sylvia Foot conveys to me at least an acute picture of the individual caught in a situation for which one feels somehow responsible, and

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from which one sees no escape. Inheriting Cyprus from Sir John Harding could not have been an easy takeover. Lady Foot gives the picture with a rather wry comedy and some nice restrained hints of engaging malice. Of the scores of Inside Stories of Cyprus now queueing up for publication this may be among the least pretentious, but it is by no means the least revealing.

JAMES CAMERON

Making a President

White House Fever. By ROBERT BENDINER. *Methuen.* 18*s.*

The Politics of National Party Conventions. By PAUL T. DAVID, RALPH M. GOLDMAN, RICHARD C. BAIN. *Faber: Brookings Institution.* 14*s.*

The Facts about Nixon. By WILLIAM COSTELLO. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

If the world were a quieter place than it is in 1960, if our attention was not being constantly distracted, like bewildered Pavlovian dogs, by nerve-shattering developments from the Congo to the Arctic Circle, there is no doubt that it would be riveted on the contest for the American Presidency. For this is the first genuine test of the Republican and Democratic parties in the United States since Franklin Roosevelt defeated Herbert Hoover over a generation ago; genuine in the sense that both candidates must stand on their own merits and the records of their parties, with the scales unweighted by the candidature of an incumbent President or a glamorous national hero. Moreover, it will be fought by two of the most ruthless and skilful politicians to have fought their way to the top in the century since the Civil War.

There is a common view in England and elsewhere that the United States is unfitted for the role of a major power by reason of its cumbrous and archaic political system, the division of powers between executive and legislative, the necessity for biennial Congressional and quadrennial Presidential elections, the general and continuous uproar that seems to surround the processes of political decision and consent. Such strictures have a degree of truth, and have been a source of deep concern to Americans themselves from Woodrow Wilson onwards, in so far as the operation of the governmental machine is concerned. What they overlook is the delicacy and exhaustiveness of the political process which determines who shall be in charge of the machine – a process which makes the choice even of a Labour, let alone a Tory Prime Minister, seem a haphazard and casual affair. As Robert Bendiner says in his Foreword:

> If the proceedings of the presidential convention are often giddy and the techniques of campaigning sometimes past praying for, they nevertheless add up to a system that wears well, affords periodic relief from pressures that might otherwise become explosive, and fulfils its purpose. Out of thirty-four Presidents, it has given us, by my count, twenty who were first rate or respectably competent and only fourteen who ranked downwards from the mediocrity of a McKinley, through the ineptness of a Buchanan or Coolidge, to the total unfitness of a Grant or Harding.... The record, I would say, compares very favourably with the choice of British prime ministers from Lord North to Harold Macmillan and more than favourably with the results achieved by the French, Germans, Russians and Tibetans with their respective methods of choosing a ruler.

Bendiner's book, 'An Innocent's Guide to the Principles, Practices, Respectable and Otherwise, Behind the Election of American Presidents', is, as NEW STATESMAN readers would expect, much the most readable of the three. His sense of colour, combined with his eye for detail, imparts to his description of the process of presidential selection, from that moment when six or ten men throughout the country conclude that the mantle of Lincoln or Jefferson has descended upon them, to the gloomy day in November of each fourth year when it is proved that only one of them is right, a bubbling liveliness, like home-brewed Brogan, that psephologists rarely achieve. But for all its humour this is a serious book, and particularly valuable are his analyses of the irrelevance of the primaries, of the realities behind the panache of the conventions, and of the reasons why the Presidential campaign has to be conducted on so large a scale and, by English standards, over such a long time – namely to stir the interest of an electorate in which a 60 per cent turnout at the polls is considered high.

The report of the Brookings Institution is more scholarly in aim but of much less value. Its purpose is to examine one crucial aspect of the electoral machinery, the nominating conventions of the two major parties, and it is clearly animated by that sense of shame which responsible Americans have come to feel about the taking of so crucial a decision as the choice of party candidate in a manner that produces a *West Side Story* gang fight in the atmosphere of the Calgary Stampede. Unfortunately, the authors of the study have little more to offer by way of constructive suggestions than an accretion of dubious statistics and a great many platitudes.

William Costello's painstaking and comprehensive biography of Nixon is an important book. Though the style is limp and the narrative sometimes confused, the whole tortured record of Nixon's rise to power is here: the smear campaigns against Jerry Voorhis and Helen Douglas in California which lifted him from the obscurity of a naval lawyer to the House, and from the House to the Senate; the grilling of Alger Hiss; the wangling to become Eisenhower's running mate in 1952 and the appalling bathos of the 'Checkers' speech; the unsuccessful attempts to obtrude himself into a position of influence in the Administration; the self-solicited 'good-will missions' abroad to buttress prestige at home.

Though Costello admits candidly that he does not like his Dr Fell, he emphasises his courage, his self-control, his grasp of affairs; and his most damning judgments are generally quotations from Nixon himself. 'Political positions have always come to me because I was there and it was the right time and the right place . . . It all depends on what the times call for'. 'The only time to lose your temper in politics is when it is deliberate'. Of his insincere smile and manner, 'I developed long ago the ability to do one thing while thinking of another.' In the end Costello admits that the man eludes him, not in the sense that there is any hidden profundity of mind but because Nixon acknowledges that his survival depends upon his being a mirror of the popular mood of the moment, and regards moral values merely as one kind of political ammunition; as Arthur Balfour put it, 'His conscience is not his guide but his accomplice.' It is going to be a rough campaign.

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

New Novels

A Kind Of Loving. By STAN BARSTOW. *Joseph.* 16*s.*

The Eye And The Heart. By CARLO COCCIOLI. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

The Clown. By ALFRED KERN. *Collins.* 21*s.*

The Picturegoers. By DAVID LODGE. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

I like a modern novel to be modern; if it is set in present-day England it should bear the present-day post-mark. *A Kind of Loving* is satisfyingly up to the minute without being overstrained. The characters are white-collared subtopians in a West Riding industrial town. They stay flat but lifelike. Mr Barstow is a scrupulous naturalist. He does not indulge in neo-Balzacian crossing of class frontiers.

The story is told by Vic Brown, a clerk in a drawing office and a cut above his parents. He falls for Ingrid Rothwell, the belle of the typing pool. Ingrid, with her mousey prettiness and latent hysteria, is a nice piece of characterisation. She has a soft centre like a chocolate that accounts for her push-over's lack of ambition. Anyway, they wouldn't have married if she hadn't become pregnant. Theirs is the nearest approach to a shotgun wedding you can get in provincial office society.

Vic narrates it in dead-pan colloquial, with some well-managed historic present. Mr Barstow is careful to keep his vocabulary within his role, while allowing him imagination and insight. The insight enables Vic to make a story of himself. He knows that he is not really in love with Ingrid, realises that he is a rag-bone-and-hank-of-hair fetichist, hopelessly addicted. The hurried wedding and the Scarborough honeymoon are very well told. They have to live with Ingrid's parents; her mother, an unusually frightful woman like a woman's family-mag editor's reader-image, goes to work on poor Vic. And Ingrid, after a miscarriage, regresses to a state of hysterical dependence. Vic gets drunk and there is a bust-up. But it all ends quietly and naturally and none too hopefully after a chat with her decent little father. There is a reunion and a new deal, and almost the last we see of Vic and Ingrid they are at it again, making love in a park. Vic knows perfectly well that he is a fool not to have cut and run, but is yet fairly honestly determined to make a go of it. It is seductively readable and makes an interesting variation on the much more familiar lower-than-middle-class picaresque genre in which the hero escapes traps by clownish antics.

If only *The Eye and the Heart* were a little easier to read! This is a most ambitious novel about a tremendous homosexual love affair, between Fabrizio Lupo, a young Italian painter, and Laurent, a young French sculptor. It is written with typically Italian eloquence – though I note that Bernard Frechtman's translation has been made from the French. The narration is almost wilfully indirect and involved. Fabrizio is first introduced by a French writer, sympathetic and detached but not allowed to do much observing. There are other marked affinities with Gide and *Les Faux-Monnayeurs.* More than half the book is taken up by Fabrizio's own novel. This is a curious staccato document, with rather shadowy characters, Prince Enrico and the Child, sado-masochistic fantasies with a few echoes of Lautréamont, and powerful mystical appeals for love. It has moments of vividness but it does not seem to explain Fabrizio's crisis of conscience – he is deeply religious – nor the note of triumph with which he sets out to commit suicide after Laurent's accidental death. The best part is the encounter between Fabrizio and Laurent in Paris at the beginning. This has some of the casual obliquity of real life, made more complex by the equivocations and cross currents of the homosexual ambience.

The Clown is a long biographical chronicle told by Hans Schmetterling, a Swiss of working-class parentage, who joins a travelling circus and becomes the lover of its proprietress, Martha, a huge powerful hairy spider woman. They wander over Europe before and during the world wars. Hans has to manage the circus, but his real metier is that of *auguste.* He has a philosophical satirical bent which he can never express to his satisfaction. The author is not a Swiss but a native of Strasbourg. His writing, in Gerard Hopkins's translation, is imbued with a certain lucid melancholy that I associate with the Swiss temperament when it is reflective. This is singularly unlike the average Anglo-Saxon novel of circus life, although it contains plenty of big-top anecdote. It is not by any means unimpressive but it goes on for too long for such a pronounced monotone, so that Hans's quiet dissatisfaction begins to infect the reader. But Martha is a memorable character.

With *The Picturegoers* we are back, protesting, in the London suburbs. This is a young man's first novel, arbitrarily constructed, but lively. The framework, very loose, is provided by the local cinema, a squalid dream-pit losing the battle against television, relying on the sale of ice-cream. Its habitués include a bemused priest, and a teddy boy seat-slasher with horror-comic fantasies. Several of the characters are Roman Catholics in varying stages of sin and grace. The main focus eventually pinpoints Mark Underwood, a young lower-middle-class intellectual lodging with the cheerful Mallory family, whose daughter, Clare, was once a novice. His attempts to seduce her cause eavesdropper's agony to her devout Irish cousin. It is a bit disconnected but a lot of it is quite funny. Mr Lodge has a strong squalorological bent but he generally relents just before actually rubbing your nose in it.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Against Flying-Bombs

Agent Extraordinary. By GEORGE MARTELLI. *Collins.* 18*s.*

The various methods of obtaining military intelligence are at present of much topical interest, and although the wartime atmosphere of *Agent Extraordinary,* with its 'incredible' adventures and escapes, seems rather remote after nearly 20 years, the book is a timely reminder – in fact, not fiction – of what the work of a secret agent involves.

The first part of the book describes how Michel Hollard, a French engineer, got into touch with British Intelligence in Switzerland soon after the fall of France, and built up and operated a network named *Réseau Agir.* A great individualist with inexhaustible energy, he personally delivered the information that he and his team collected, and in all he crossed the heavily-defended Swiss frontier 98 times.

The most important discoveries of *Réseau Agir* related to the earlier V1 launching sites in France, and this is why Hollard has acquired the label of 'the man who saved

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books that matter

London' (for which my sympathies are with him). The story of the V1 jig-saw puzzle, and of its piecing together by British Intelligence, is already well known (the most comprehensive account that has been published is in Basil Collier's official history, *The Defence of the United Kingdom*), and the importance of the work of the French agents concerned has been widely acknowledged. But Mr Martelli's book fills in much interesting detail, for it follows step by step the detective work of Hollard and his secret helpers. Like those in other branches of Intelligence, Hollard had to grope his way; and even when he handed over the tracing of the master plan of the Bois Carré launching site (which a young engineer, André Comps – employed as a draughtsman at the site – had made in less than three minutes while the German officer in charge was briefly absent) he was entirely in the dark as to what sort of missile was to be launched.

> Like everyone else he had heard rumours – they had appeared in the Press – of new weapons; but he was quite ignorant of what had been discovered at Peenemunde and elsewhere, and how it fitted in with his own discoveries . . . It was just another job done. He had completed one more mission and it was time to return for the next.

Here and there the narrative gives glimpses of Hollard's character. He was a natural leader, a brilliant planner and organiser, quick-thinking and quick-acting, doggedly obstinate and courageous; also – so one gathers from the epithet *cheval de race* – somewhat temperamental. Deeply aware of his responsibility for the lives of his colleagues and of their relatives, as well as for those of his own family, he was also deeply religious. After describing one of Hollard's many close shaves, Mr Martelli mentions that 'as always when he escaped from danger, Michel's immediate reaction was to fall on his knees and offer up a prayer of thanks together with one for the safety of his family.'

In February 1944 Hollard was betrayed and arrested. He was tortured by the Gestapo but never broke down; then imprisoned for the rest of the war, first in France and later in the concentration camp at Neuengamme. The account of his time at Neuengamme contains one or two allusions that give a clue to the mainspring of his unfailing spiritual strength. For example, despite the seemingly insuperable difficulties, Hollard found ways to give himself time for prayer and meditation: 'He had always needed solitude in which to meditate, and it was as necessary to him as smoking or drinking to an addict'. He also gave new strength to his fellow prisoners by leading them in prayer and encouraging them to open their hearts to him.

CONSTANCE BABINGTON SMITH

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A Hutchinson ENTERPRISE

Goodbye to the Esoteric?

Image and Experience: Studies in a Literary Revolution. By GRAHAM HOUGH. *Duckworth.* 21*s.*

Mr Hough's new book has some good individual passages but in general leaves a patchy impression. I think this is chiefly because Mr Hough does not sufficiently pursue the themes he raises. In Part I, 'Reflections on a Literary Revolution', for instance, he discusses the exhaustion of modernist poetry, its lack of descendants; he touches also on the 'realignment of forces' in Anglo-American literary relations during the last few decades. These are important subjects and both have received some attention recently. Mr Hough's discussion of them seems to me rather thin, not to have taken a proper measure of the stage already reached – among British critics, notably by Mr Alvarez in *The Shaping Spirit* more than two years ago.

Mr Hough suggests also that in modern poetry the image has been overvalued at the expense of discourse, so that 'the most important tradition of all, that of a natural community of understanding between poet and reader, has been lost.' Again, he reminds us that art is fantasy and play, and that today we are often in danger of being overserious about art – he snipes nicely at 'the belief that all literature would be *Middlemarch* if it could'. These and several like them are sound and timely observations. But he does not develop them to the point at which they become steady illuminations of our judgment. He tends to content himself with a final, stimulating, but unsupported, glance into possible developments; as in his remarks about the popularity of books such as *The Lonely Crowd* and *The Organisation Man* (that they may take over the social-descriptive work of the novel).

It seems as though these are larger issues which Mr Hough has found himself approaching time and again in lectures, articles and broadcasts – issues of a sort which, though we throw them out on such occasions in the hope that they will be suggestive, we wish one day to develop at length. When the separate pieces are put together in a book, the reader feels underfed.

In so far as this book has unity it comes chiefly from the author's sustained and strenuously sensible manner. He often calls on Dr Johnson and the common reader. We can all have a fellow-feeling here, especially for the pleasantly English, pawky, idiosyncrasies. And we can support his assertion that too much contemporary literature and criticism has separated itself dangerously from the real world of experience. But unless you wish to support attitudes far more irrelevant than those of the esoteric critics you must define your position more carefully than Mr Hough has done. He is just a little too fond of his role as a down-to-earth figure.

I have spent most of my space in expressing regret but this is because we come with high expectations to any book by Mr Hough. And the second and third parts of this book, in particular, do have some very valuable sections (on George Moore, to take one example). In these parts, where he is asking us to look afresh at late-Victorian and Edwardian literature, where he draws upon his exceptional scholarship in this period and on his knowledge of French literature and the visual arts, where he is so steeped in his subject that allusions and relationships come all the time into his mind – here the essays have a solid texture as well as a liveliness which is only occasionally evident in the first part, and which reminds us of the strengths of *The Last Romantics.*

RICHARD HOGGART

Week-end Competition

No. 1,588 **Set by Peter Pimlico**

'*Nature* I loved, and after *Nature* . . .' The usual prizes are offered for a Landorian epigram in tribute to any other learned, scientific or technical publication. Entries by 9 August.

Result of No. 1,585 **Set by G. de Vavasour**

A recent *Times* leader quoted, in verse summary, the opening of Gray's *Elegy*:

> Dusk tolls,
> Herds flee,
> Hinds scoot:
> Not me.

Prizes are offered for a six-line condensed version – each line to contain two syllables – of any of the following: *Ode on a Grecian Urn,* Pope's *Essay on Man,* one of the *Four Quartets,* Hamlet's 'To be, or not to be' speech, Tennyson's *Ulysses,* Wordsworth's *Immortality Ode* or Auden's *Spain.*

Report

Verses came from as far as Kuwait, Calgary (Alberta), Jerusalem, Hanover, Geneva, Dublin, and various parts of the USA; one noted, too, some veiled but distinguished names. The moderns were hardest: very few apart from the two or three quoted below made much sense of them. A pity, really; many of us would welcome an 'essential' Eliot. The writer who offered: 'I shove/the words/around/until/they sound/profound' is of course disqualified. Nobody 'got' the Auden at all, exactly – really a very prophetic poem indeed if you look at the end and the 'Tomorrow' verses. One (James Fidgen) at least admitted the thing. 'I'd fain/do *Spain,*/but shan't./ I *can't.*/ This bard/too hard.' Hamlet and Ulysses were fine: but people who did the Urn rather slithered around the point. Keats scholars are inclined to do this too, but our standards are more severe. As many verses as space allows are printed below; each one marked with an asterisk wins half a guinea and our applause.

Wordsworth's Immortality Ode

• Small boy
All joy;
Boy grows,
Joy goes . . .
Mystic
Gets kick.
S. Harrison

• Babes see
God's plan.
Not so
Grown man.
Ripe sage
Half can.
Margaret Wood

As pups
We shine
With glow
Divine.
Not so
Grown-ups.
Martin Robertson

The boy
Has fruits
Of joy;
Years slip,
And give
The pip.
Tom Naisby

Ode on a Grecian Urn

• Lovers
on jug
never
can hug.
– Men rot;
pots not.
Michael Wood

what they've
not got.
H. Collingwood

Lucky
pair on
Greek pot!
Can't lose

Gods chase
Round vase
What say?
What play?
Don't know.
Nice, though.
Desmond Skirrow

Tennyson's Ulysses

• Come-back?
Might try.
Wife's old;
Son's 'pi';
Push off –
Goodbye!
A. M. Robertson

Fame's ours
Age creeps;
Let's sail
New deeps –
For years,
For keeps!
Arthur Bowyer

Long time
no sea.
Past prime,
dear me!
Can't rest –
Go West.
Pluvius

King old,
Yet bold,
With wife
Hates life.
His needs:
More deeds.
James S. Fidgen

Hamlet

• To be
or not –
So what?
Hell we
know here –
But there?
John Hayward

• Stick life
Or not?
Life's strife,
Death's – what?
Hell's trick?
I'll stick.
A. M. Sayers

Decease,
So what?
Hell, peace?
Know not.
Today
I'll stay.
Jill Stewart

This world's
Tough spot:
Die? Sleep –
Dream – *what?*
Oh, well,
P'raps not.
Violet Rutter

Methinks
Life stinks
What breath
Has death?
Quick smell . . .?
Like hell!
V. Rose

Ills blight.
Seek peace
Death's night?
Dream's might
Dismay:
I stay.
Bill Ellerby

The drill?
– Self kill!
(thinks) Will
Next stop
Prove flop,
Poor swop?
Granville Garley

• Endure?
Self slay?
What then?
Can't say.
Chancy.
Best stay.
Nora Medany

Life? Curse:
Bunk it.
Death? Worse:
Funk it.
Go? Stay?
Can't say.
'No'

To live
Or die?
Death brooks
No spy.
He makes
Us shy.
Michael Marks

Auden's Spain

Smokes shared
Souls bared.
'Afraid,
Comrade?'
(grim smile)
'Worthwhile'.
Denis Botterill

• Past's done
– And how!
Leave plough,
Take gun.
Soon fun:
Fight now.
Martin Robertson

Eliot's Four Quartets

(East Coker)
• Start ——— end
(Death's smart).
Hop, blend,
Birth, art
(Stuff penned),
End. Start ———
J. A. Lindon

(Burnt Norton)
Time Tricks.
All's one:
Stars, dung,
White light,
Stark dark.
Time parked.
Annie Allen

(The Dry Salvages)
• God-ri-
-Ver-sea-
Mado-
-nna-Kri-
-Shna-pot-
Pourri.
Martin Robertson

(Burnt Norton)
When tense
Removes
And sense
Dissolves
Stillness
Behoves.
Sheila Knowles

Pope's Essay On Man

• First Cause
Made laws.
But why?
Don't pry,
Poor wight –
All's right.
A. M. Robertson

Yet's worth
The earth.
A. J. Ryder

• Scan man,
Not God;
Man makes
Mistakes,

God's right,
Men miss;
Fools fight;
Good's bliss.
World's plight?
God's right!
R. A. McKenzie

City Lights

Summer Driblets

Those who are not actually on holiday enjoy a skeleton staff's feeling of gay anarchy; weekends are longer; barbers are idle and restaurants empty on Monday; any news comes as a pleasant surprise, an excuse to move prices a little up or a little down. This is the silly season, even in 1960, and the City is living on driblets.

★ ★ ★

Important, economic driblets first. Labour, to judge from the July figures, is now as scarce as Mr Amory's cautious advisers feared, with the line for unfilled vacancies – the plain columnist's guide to inflation – crossing well over the line for unemployed: the government will presumably conduct an inquiry into labour hoarding and the effect of affluence upon married women as well as into the assumptions underlying the latest investment boom. HP is only just beginning to look up from the spring restrictions and producers of HP goods are still worrying about stocks, but the engineering industries – 90 per cent of their output, according to the Board of Trade, is of capital goods – produced ten per cent more in the first five months of this year and increased their orders even further. The miserable trade figures for June have now been analysed and the analysis shows that the worst of a general drop in exports – the world boom in trade seems to be passing its peak – was due, as expected, to a sharp fall in motor-car exports to the US; fashion has changed (Renault and Volkswagen are suffering too) and exports will remain low until stocks have been reduced to a more reasonable level. Bank advances, after rising by only £3m in June, shot up by £99m in July: if it happens again next month, there'll be trouble.

★ ★ ★

Pye, as most expected and more hoped, has roundly beaten the syndicate of established firms which tried to prevent it from breaking into their back-yard by acquiring Telephone Manufacturing: it has won its bid-battle by paying through the nose, and must now put into practice the liberal, competitive principles which it proclaimed so proudly while the battle was still in progress. Its victory was partly due to the fact that it saved time by dealing directly through a stockbrokering firm – the senior partner of which may have been embarrassed by his connection with Associated Electrical and Lord Chandos, the old-world leader of the syndicate. In most of the recent David v. Goliath battles, from Tube Investments against the City to Metal Industries against EMI, David has managed to win by determinedly buying in the market before Goliath could decide whether it was dignified to compete.

★ ★ ★

The Board of Trade's new code of take-over bid practice comes into force in a fortnight's time. The Board – its new rules directly affect only a handful of licensed dealers in securities but will effectively regulate everyone – deliberately affronted the City's yearning for self-discipline by drawing up a code and has turned down nearly all of the amendments suggested; this new vigour seems to have been provoked by the appoint-

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ment of the Jenkins Committee and suggestions (like those made openly in the evidence of the Association of Unit Trust Managers) that the Board knows too little about what goes on in the City to be able to regulate it efficiently. It is a pity that it should have been provoked so recently and that the headline 'Board of Trade Take-over Code in Force on 9 August' should have been jostled by 'Grunwald and Murray get Five Years Each'.

* * *

Organisations with money to burn and in need of love make films about themselves; ICI does it, Shell keeps a special unit to do it, most of them do it very slickly indeed. The Stock Exchange, on its members' money, produced a matinee-yawn of a film about itself a year ago; now Grandma, who keeps her accounts to herself, has gone in for publicity with a 35-minute second-feature in colour. It begins with the usual touch of drama, a ship unloading, a BR van speeding through London until it is ushered through Grandma's back-door by the majestic porter in top hat and long fawn coat who usually deals with Rolls-Royces; then we have little wooden cases slipping down rollers, a a hatchet lifted – crack, and in each case there glints a couple of gold ingots. We admire the gold, we admire the basement stacked high with stuff, we even swallow the narrator's saliva; but then the film begins. It shows us the Bank glinting in the sunlight, dedicated crowds pouring over London Bridge, Mr Cobbold smiling at Mr Jacobsson, committees meeting, directors in session, Mr Cobbold communing silently with Mr Mynors, hordes of perky girls managing the national debt, hordes of knobbly boys playing hockey, pink-coated waiters, the nightly guard, and a world thrilling to the news of an unchanged Bank rate. But 35 minutes is much too long.

Each time one thinks that the film is at last dropping off it jerks up again, remembering the weather-vane, or the bust of Governor Norman, or the George Washington share-certificate which we haven't seen yet, eager to show us one more picture of a Comet or a supermarket and hint once again that all the affluence is Grandma's own work.

Company News

Mercury Securities, the parent company of Warburgs the bankers, has reported doubled profits – nearly, but not quite, the best City performance of the year.

Great Universal Stores has increased its profit by another ten per cent to over £27m and raised its dividend from 35 to 37½ per cent after a one-for-ten scrip issue. *Drages*, the company which Mr Wolfson controls and which seems to own nothing but GUS shares, has reported on the GUS dividends it received the year before.

United Dominions Trust, the HP giant, increased its loans by 46 per cent last year and its immediate profits by 20 per cent.

Another merchant bank, *Arbuthnot Latham*, is looking for a stock exchange quotation.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 559. Striptease In The Sunshine

Despite the rainy weather as I write, I hope that holiday sunshine may encourage my readers to strip without shivering. No diagram required for **A**. Just put up the basic position, and then denude the board by getting rid of all the pawns and all pieces except the two Kings. Sam Loyd has proved that it can be done in a mere 17 moves, and 5 ladder-points may well be the fair rate for the job. But my offer of 6 for **B** is all the more generous as I am about to give a helpful hint. This is a mate in 1, and while it is conventionally assumed that White is to move first in most problems and endgame-studies, competitors should bear in mind that we never ought to take anything for granted. And please note that in this particular case I carefully refrain from any statement on priorities. Moreover, while **A**, to some extent, justified the 'strip'-aspect of my headline, the 'tease' was yet to come. Here it is, and if I said any more, I might as well print the solution here and now. As for **C**, this too is much too easy for 7 points and I have merely picked it because it is so pretty and enjoyable. White is to move and to force a draw in 9 moves.

B: J. C. J. Wainwright 1917

C: 'A.E.M.M. of India' 1930

D: K. Laue 1928

In holiday weekends it has come to be traditional for **D** to be a suimate, thereby rating 8 points, and some of them were no bargains even at that inflated price. But the present one, its basic idea being fairly obvious, is pretty rather than difficult and may well proselytize new addicts for the gentle art of the suimate. What matters is for White to force Black to inflict a mate on his 5th move.

E: C. H. Coster 1880

F: F. J. Prokop 1927

For 9 and 10 points respectively, so as to get the grand total up to 45, **E** and **F** are honest endgame studies, both wins for White. **E** contains an idea instructive for combinative play, and it is pretty rather than difficult. The Prokop, however, is not so easy and full of surprising subtleties. Usual prizes. Entries by 8 August.

I had an enthusiastic interim report from Harold Lommer (now in Spain) about the supreme quality of a good many entries for our International Study Competition. They have now been sent to André Chéron in Switzerland. I was distressed to hear that he is in poor health, hence the final decision of our Jury may be somewhat delayed.

REPORT ON NO. 558 Set 9 July

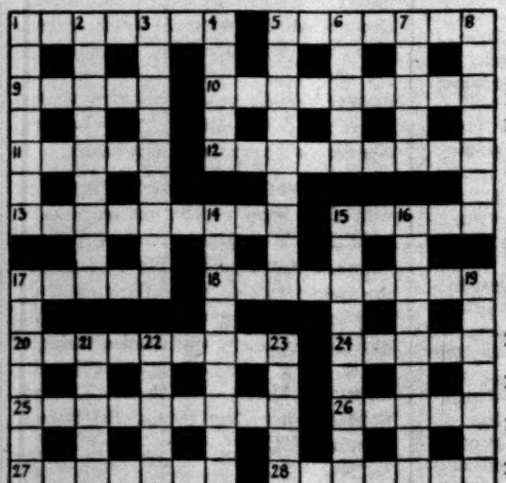
A: 2) R-QB4 ch!!, KxR; 3) Q-B3 mate. If 2) . . . K-Q3; 3) Q-Q8 mate.
B: 1) Q-Kt8, PxB ch; 2) R-B6 ch, KxR; 3) Q-Q6 mate.
C: 1) Kt-Q4 ch, K-B4; 2) P-R6!! (Kt-K6 ch?), PxP; 3) Kt-K2, Kt-Kt5; 4) B-K7 ch, K-Kt4; 5) Kt-B3 ch, K-R4; 6) B-Q8 mate.

Many bouquets for **C**. Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, W. H. L. Brooking, J. W. Ecelson, M. P. Furmston, J. Mitchell.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 416

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 416, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 9 August.



ACROSS

1. Flower which gives animals insolence (7).
5. Views when finally caught in retrograde moves (7).
9. Deck trouble with sailors (5).
10. Possibly scare none with a sound effect (9).
11. Sound taste (5).
12. Radio programme to get rid of reading matter (9).
13. Practice in which one listens again to almost everything (9).
15. Head first dance (5).
17. Bob's broken head this may be used to mend (5).
18. Hater paid unusually for a cause of hatred (9).
20. Drug addict possibly I defend about work (9).
24. Swiftly father returns with a brilliant shot (5).
25. Crazily hitting me in the dark (9).
26. Behold employment for a parasite (5).
27. Fuel which may be chopped up for the eloping (7).
28. Reparation concerning something to wear (7).

DOWN

1. Caught someone mad in idle talk (7).
2. Court a lady among lawyers with signs of fire (9).
3. Nobleman who makes a country serious (9).
4. Places in which to play as a test cricketer (5).
5. Country in the heart of which we are put on an odd trail (9).
6. Youngster included in a photograph (5).
7. A piece of poetry with hypocrisy on love (5).
8. MP who is half calm about the summit (7).
14. Drivelling organisation for making profit out of drudgery? (9).
15. Animal roused and shown disapproval (9).
16. Too early, even before Victor (9).
17. The smug fellow makes the shell break (7).
19. Trains become extinct and are modified less (7).
21. Unenlightened parent to find fault with climbing (5).
22. 'That —— and perfidious bark' (Milton) (5).
23. Gloomy although you get a penny back (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 414

B	E	S	T	R	I	D	E		C	R	O	F
E		A		E		E			O		A	T
H	A	N	D	S	O	M	E		A	M	A	N
A		E		E		O		F		E		L
L	O	S	E	R		N	A	R	R	O	W	I
F		T		V		S		E			G	E
		B	O	T	T	L	E	W	A	S	H	E
S	A	I	R		T		R		T		S	
M	A	B	E	R	D	A	S	H	E	R	S	
A		A			T	I		O		S		B
M	A	N	I	C	H	E	A	N		G	R	O
R		D		A			K		A		M	F
O	B	O	I	S	T		P	I	N	T	A	B
C		N		T			N		E		R	L
K	I	S	M	E	T		E	G	G	S	H	E

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 414

W. Morel (London, NW3)
Mrs Arnold (Hadley Wood)
W. Gundrey (London, NW3)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

PRINCIPAL
required for
KIVUKONI ADULT RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE, TANGANYIKA,

being established on lines of Ruskin College, Oxford, to provide liberal education in Social Studies. Required qualifications: an appropriate University degree; experience in adult education; some knowledge and understanding of recent African developments. Salary not less than £1,500; three year contract with family passage, free medical attention, Provident Fund or similar arrangements. Details available from the Principal, Ruskin College, Oxford, or Secretary, Tanganyika Education Trust Fund, PO Box 1976, Dar Es Salaam.
Closing date 31 August 1960.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
Department of Economics and Commerce

Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Accountancy in the Department of Economics and Commerce. Salary on the scale £1,050 x £50 – £1,400 x £75 – £1,850 (efficiency bar probably at £1,550), a year for a Lecturer, or within the range £800-£950 a year for an Assistant Lecturer, according to age, qualifications and experience. The duties consist mainly of teaching in connection with the Joint Scheme operated by the Universities and the accountancy profession. Candidates should have a good honours degree preferably in Economics or Commerce and practical experience in Accountancy and, preferably, professional qualifications. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, (from whom further partics may be obtained) not later than 6 Sept. 1960.

TEACHERS of English to foreign students required for Evening Classes. Experienced teachers preferred. Apply in writing: St Giles' School, 63 Oxford St W1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH
SOCIAL ENVIRONMENT
RESEARCH PROGRAMME

Two Research Workers, senior and junior, are required for this research and consulting project. Applicants should be qualified in one of the behavioural sciences, or in related professional fields, preferable anthropology, sociology, psychology, social medicine, or social casework. Salaries will be determined with respect to qualifications and experience, but starting salaries of £1,150 for a senior appointment and £800 for a junior appointment are contemplated.
The appointments are superannuated and are tenable for four years. Enquiries about the jobs and the programme are invited before 12 August. Further information and application forms from Charles H. Stewart, Secretary, University of Edinburgh, South Bridge, Edinburgh, 8.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM
CHILD CARE OFFICERS

Applications are invited from men and women for the post of Child Care Officer – Grade APT II (£765-£880).
Applicants should possess the Home Office Child Care Officer's Certificate or have had at least two years' experience of this work and be in possession of a social science degree or diploma.
Further details from Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham, 3. P.O. Box 93.
Closing date for applications – 26 August 1960.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of Librarian at the Saxondale Hospital, Radcliffe-on-Trent. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians and/or possess appropriate qualifications in social science. Salary £610-£765 per annum.
Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Director of Education, County Hall, West Bridgford, Nottingham, to whom applications should be submitted by 13 August 1960.
A. R. DAVIS,
Clerk of the County Council.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MID HERTS GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE
HIGH WICK
TYTTENHANGER,
NEAR ST ALBANS, HERTS

CHILD PSYCHOTHERAPIST (non-medical) full-time or part-time required for work with psychotic and severely neurotic children aged 4-11 at the above Unit within reasonable distance of Central London. Candidates may be required to participate in training house staff. Whitley Council salary and conditions of service. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience to Dr George Stroh, Consultant Psychiatrist-in-Charge.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

A vacancy exists for a resident Deputy Matron at 'Eastfields' Children's Home, Rushden. Married couples without children would be considered and self-contained accommodation is available. The Home is for approximately 20 children, aged 5-15 years and is conveniently situated.
Salary for the Deputy Matron £445 – £545 per annum (less £120 emoluments) starting point dependent upon previous service and qualifications. An additional £30 per annum will be paid if the Home Office Certificate in Residential Child Care is held.
Applications, giving age, experience and qualifications, together with three names for reference, including present employer, should be forwarded to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Northampton, within two weeks of appearance of advertisement.
J. ALAN TURNER,
Clerk of the County Council,
County Hall, Northampton.

Scilliad for Secs No. 6

FRENZIED FERRET seeks FRIENDLY FILING-CLERK. And lots of calmer people seek all kinds of Office Staff at alluring salaries.
THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT,
3 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2.
CHA. 8217.

WOMAN Leader with experience in Girls' activities wanted for Mixed Youth Club (all ages) in North Kensington. Attractive premises. Good salary and Pension Scheme. Box 6267.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SURREY EDUCATION COMMITTEE
YOUTH SERVICE
SURBITON YOUTH CLUB –
Full-time Leader

Applications are invited from suitably qualified Men or Women for the post of Full-time Leader of the above Open Mixed Youth Club. The Club meets in its own premises and caters primarily for boys and girls of 14 to 20 years of age.
Salary:
For qualified teachers and others with approved qualifications the scale is based on the Burnham Scale i.e. Men £520 x £27 10s. to £1,000 p.a. (The scale for women is at present slightly lower, but the above scale will apply to women also from 1 April 1961).
For other persons the scale will be as above except that the normal maximum will be £905 (Men).
London Weighting payable in addition, rate according to age/salary.
Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience.
Application forms and further particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to be returned by 12 August.

STAFFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
EDUCATION COMMITTEE
Loxley Hall Residential School for Educationally Sub-Normal Boys
Nr Uttoxeter, Staffs.

Applications are invited for the resident post of HOUSEFATHER or HOUSEMOTHER. Salary in accordance with NJC Scales £470-£550 per annum (Man), and £420-£520 per annum (Woman) with a deduction in both cases of £120 per annum for board residence.
Appln forms and further particulars from The Director of Education (SB.) County Education Office, Stafford.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, (co-ed., 9-18) requires for September 1960, or January 1961, Geography Master to take charge of the subject throughout the school. Interesting region for geologists. Resident post. Burnham scale. Government Superann. Apply in writing to Principals, enclosing testimonials, curriculum vitae and mentioning interest in any other subjects or activities.

Social scientists for market research

MARPLAN LIMITED
The Research Affiliate of McCann-Erickson

The fastest-growing and technically most advanced consumer research organisation in Europe is seeking additional Research Executives in order to handle a steadily increasing volume of business.

Successful applicants will have graduated, and possibly done some post-graduate work, in one of the social sciences. They will normally have spent between three and seven years – long enough to have learnt their trade, but not so long as to have congealed them into bad habits – in a consumer research organisation, or in some other post involving social research by means of sample surveys. They will be acquainted and in sympathy with the Marplan/McCann-Erickson approach to consumer research, and will be prepared whole-heartedly to apply their technical skills to marketing and advertising problems.

The salaries offered will be commensurate with their abilities and the contribution they can make to the company's operations. In exchange, they will find themselves working in an organisation where every opportunity and encouragement is given to the development of new and exciting techniques as part of a group of companies where research is regarded as considerably more than a façade or a form-of-words.

Their activities will be devoted to the production of reports which will assist forward-looking clients to evolve profitable marketing strategies, and which will help the agency's creative departments to produce advertising designed to sell the clients' goods. They will therefore, be capable of converting the findings of technically highly complex studies into action-recommendations which are fully comprehensible to the non-technicians who have to take management or advertising decisions as a result.

Applications in reply to this advertisement, which will be regarded as exercises in the systematic presentation of relevant data, should be addressed to:
Harry Henry · Managing Director · Marplan Limited · 2-3 Cursitor Street London EC4
Telephone: Fleet Street 4413

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BOWATER PACKAGING LIMITED
FIBRE CONTAINER DIVISION
MARKET INTELLIGENCE

Candidates should be capable of carrying out field market surveys necessitating discussions with a variety of people, usually of senior management level. Background in statistics and economics and ability to produce factual reports covering the requirements of many different industries, coupled with the statistical detail relating to total potentials, etc.

Candidates should be aged between 28 and 35 years, preferably with some experience of the paper industry. Apply in writing to: Development Manager, Park Royal Road, NW10.

DO YOU THINK

that part-time work should be as interesting and absorbing as a first-class hobby? We do: so if you live in the Midlands or South of England write to P. W. Saunders at the address below. You will join a team of people like yourself in congenial social survey work with competent and helpful guidance.

Encyclopædia Britannica Limited,
11 Belgrave Road, SW1.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Italian. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should be people whose mother tongue is English and who have had advanced University training in Italian Language and Literature. Post-graduate experience in Italy is desirable. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range of £A1,730 × 105 – £A2,435 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at present £A5 per annum) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 5 September 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Malaya in Singapore. Applications are invited for (i) Lectureship or (ii) Assistant Lectureship in Social Studies. Salary scales: (i) £1,148 x £49 – £1,442/£1,540 x £56 – £1,820 p.a. (ii) £1,001 x £49 – £1,099 p.a. Entry point according to qualifications and experience. Allowances: expatriation in range £280-£308 p.a., cost of living (temporary) in range £210-£560 p.a. Passages for appointee, wife and children under 12 years. Partly furnished house/flat at reasonable rent. Provident Fund Scheme. Detailed applications (8 copies) naming 3 referees by 31 August 1960 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. Department of History. Applications are invited for three posts as Lecturers or Assistant Lecturers, depending on qualifications, in the Department of History, University of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. The posts are likely to be available in 1961. Candidates should have a recognised Honours degree or equivalent qualification and experience in teaching and research in some of the following fields: 1. History of Southeast Asia; 2. Economic Asian or European History; 3. East Asian History. The salary scale for a Lecturer is £1,148 × 49 – 1,442/1,540 × 56 – 1,820 per annum and for an Assistant Lecturer £1,001 × 49 – 1,099 per annum. In addition a variable allowance is at present paid at 35% of basic salary, subject to certain maxima, together with expatriation allowance at specified rates. First class sea passages are provided for the appointee and his family; a furnished house or flat is also provided at a reasonable rental. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in Kuala Lumpur and London is 15 August 1960.

DAVIES'S (Tutors) Ltd req in Hove full or part-time tutors, male or female, in (a) Physics to A Level (fully equipped laboratory) (b) History to A Level with O Level Geography. Apply to the Director of Studies, Davies's, 47 Cromwell Rd, Hove.

SOCIAL Worker required to share in group work with families who have special difficulties. Interesting experimental work in residential setting with opportunities for valuable experience. Crowley House has attractive new staff accommodation and is in a pleasant neighbourhood. Salary on progressive scale according to age and experience. Application form and further information from Secretary, Crowley House Family Rehabilitation Centre, Weeley Park Rd, Selly Oak, Birmingham 29.

BBC requires Political Correspondent to be responsible for objective and impartial reporting of political news from Westminster and elsewhere in Sound and Television. He must be capable of giving balanced analytical accounts of the domestic political scene for news and current affairs programmes, of interviewing major political personalities, and of presiding over unscripted discussions. Applicants should be men of proved journalistic ability of a high order. Working knowledge of the Parliamentary Lobby an advantage. Successful candidate must pass screen and microphone tests. Salary £2,110 rising by five annual increments to £2,610 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.363 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

MICROBIOLOGIST: Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Pensionable post as Principal Scientific Officer at Water Pollution Research Laboratory, Stevenage, Herts, for man or woman for research on microbiological problems arising from work on pollution of rivers and the treatment of sewage and industrial wastes. Qualifications normally 1st or 2nd class honours degree either (a) in Bacteriology or Microbiology, or (b) including Chemistry and Biology, followed by post-graduate Diploma in Bacteriology. Salary scale (men) £1,420-£2,020. Starting pay may be above minimum. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting S/5170/60. Closing date 6 September 1960.

LONDON County Council. Social Workers required as assistant organisers of children's care work in Public Health Department. Work involves organisation of treatment in school health service, attendance at school clinics and hospital out-patient departments and social work arising. Close co-operation with voluntary care committee workers an essential feature and the positions carry some responsibility for recruitment, training and advising of these workers. Opportunity also for suitable candidates to take part in case-work with problem families. For such candidates experience in family case-work is essential and all candidates should have had experience in practical social work with preferably relevant social science training. Married women eligible. £625 (at age 24) to £830, commencing according to qualifications and experience. Form and details from Medical Officer of Health, (D1/NS/2008/7), County Hall, London, SE1. Closing date 15 August.

FAMILY Casework. Social Workers required in Public Health Department, LCC, to work with problem families. The work with each family is usually prolonged as well as intensive; to make this possible case loads are small (10-15 families). By this means it is hoped to help such families to become self-supporting and acceptable members of the community. Special importance is attached to the aim of preventing the repetition of the problem family pattern in the next generation. Experience in family casework is essential; relevant professional training desirable. £665-£965; commencing according to qualifications and experience. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health (D1/NS/1992/7), County Hall, London, SE1. Closing date 15 August.

YORK 'A' and Tadcaster Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker in the York Mental Health Service. This well-established and still-developing Service is run jointly by the Hospital Management Committee and the City of York Health Department. The post includes an interesting range of work with in-patients, out-patients, community care and after-care. The service is an integral part of the Naburn and Bootham Park Hospital and therefore there is psychiatric support and consultation in all cases. More detailed information may be had from the Senior Psychiatric Social Worker at the Mental Health Centre, 24 St Saviourgate, York, and prospective applicants are welcome to see round the departments. Salary scale £610 (at age 27) × £25 (7) × £30 (2) to £845 p.a. and Whitley Council conditions of service. Applications stating age, education, qualifications, experience and names of two referees to Group Secretary, Bootham Park, York.

WARLINGHAM Park Hospital, Warlingham, Surrey. There is a vacancy for a second Psychiatric Social Worker at Warlingham Park Hospital. This is a progressive mental hospital of 900 beds, whose catchment area is the County Borough of Croydon. There are extensive facilities for community care work, which is in process of active development, and opportunities exist for casework both with in- and out-patients. Special interests are provided by rehabilitation, alcoholic and neurosis units. Further information may be obtained from Mrs E. Gregory, Psychiatric Social Worker, Upper Warlingham 2101. Applications should be made to the Physician Superintendent, Warlingham Park Hospital, Warlingham, Surrey.

TRANSLATIONS: Russian into English. Large volume, principally physical sciences. Good remuneration for finished work. Write: Apartment 10 C, 333 East 46th Street, New York 17, N.Y.

THE University of Manchester. Ashburne Hall of Residence. Applications are invited for the post of Vice-Warden of this Hall which accommodates about 210 women students. The Vice-Warden will also act as tutor to one wing (70 students) and as Hall Librarian. Duties to commence on 1 October 1960 or in any case not later than 1 January 1961. Stipend not less than £500 per annum according to qualifications and experience, together with board and residence. Applications must be submitted not later than 12 September 1960, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

ST HILDA'S Training School for Girls, 305 Salter's Road, Gosforth, Newcastle upon Tyne, 3. Applications are invited for Resident posts – (a) House Instructress able to supervise and instruct in all domestic duties, Domestic Science training desirable. (b) Relief Housemistress to supervise any department as required. Both to include interest in leisure activities in a group of adolescent girls aged 15-18 years. Initiative, common sense and a lively practical interest are needed for this work, which is a challenge to anyone willing to help these girls with firm, friendly encouragement to develop their interests and their ability to take their place as useful members of the community. Salary scale, Burnham Scale plus four increments, or according to qualifications, less £135 p.a. for board residence. Apply by letter to Headmistress, stating experience, qualifications and copies of recent testimonials.

ST BERNARD'S Hospital for Nervous & Mental Disorders. Southall, Middlesex. Psychologist (Part-time) required. (Up to 5 sessions weekly). National Health Service Whitley Council rates and conditions. Applications giving full details of age, qualifications, experience and names and addresses of three referees to Physician Superintendent; the successful candidate may be reqd to pass a medical examination.

FULL-time Youth Leader wanted for Brentry Lodge Youth Centre, Bristol. Youth Service or teaching experience required and appropriate salary offered. Teachers' superannuation scheme applies. Separate residential accommodation available if required. Particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Bristol Youth Committee, 27 Great George Street, Bristol 1.

ASSISTANT Housemothers (not under 18 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Min. salary £32 10s. per month rising to £40, less valuation of emoluments. Write Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Rd, Chelmsford.

ASSISTANT Matron required interested in independent work, small boarding department, Co-Ed. School. Box 6233.

TEACHERS and Housemothers who would like to gain experience in Rudolf Steiner Methods please write to Box 6175.

I.S.I.S. Appointments Register has been retained to advise upon the appointment of a Book Editor for editorial and production work with international publishing house. Experience an advantage and impeccable English essential. Write: Joan Jones, I.S.I.S. Appointments Register, 9 Eden Street, London, NW1.

GENERAL publishers are looking for a young man (24-32) of good educ. and some space-selling experience to promote the advertising and circulation of four specialized quarterly journals. Box 6305.

YOUNG woman assistant required for publicity department of general publishers. Shorthand and typing. Some experience of layout and copywriting essential. Box 6306.

PERSONAL secretarial assistant required, versatile, intelligent and responsible, to oil the wheels of a research and development programme, partly carried out at a College in London, where the post would be based. Apart from the more usual secretarial duties an essential is the ability to type accurately reports of a chemical nature. Good salary. Write full details to Box 6264.

ASSISTANT to Deputy Export Manager. Age 20-26. Some knowledge of export procedure and/or German language advantage. Good prospects for right man. Applications to Box 6313.

LIBEL Lawyer requires secretary/shorthand-typist to assist in resisting claims against newspapers and publishers. Never a dull moment in congenial and friendly office. 5-day week. 3 weeks' holiday. Good salary. Box 6286.

EDITORIAL Secretary required to assist administration of architectural weekly. Starting salary £12. Write giving particulars of experience, age, etc. to Box 6290.

PUBLISHERS require for their editorial department an educated shorthand typist with some experience. The post offers great variety and opportunity, demands initiative and good intelligence as well as technical competence. Apply by letter to Mrs. I. L. Shelton, Glan & Co. Ltd, 18 Bedford Row, London, WC1.

FRIENDS' School, Saffron Walden, Essex, an Independent, Co-Educational Boarding School managed by a Committee of the Society of Friends: wanted, as soon as possible, fully-trained Secretary to the Heads, shorthand essential. Apply at once, giving the names of two referees, to the Headmaster from whom further particulars can be obtained.

CLERICAL Assistant (Higher Grade) for service with large Trade Union with London offices. Varied and interesting work, but essential qualifications are ability to undertake systematical reading, assimilate and collate specialised information, prepare lucid documentation, etc. Salary £13 7s. 6d. rising to £13 17s. 6d. per week after 6 months. Five day (35 hour) week. Contributory Pension Scheme, good holidays, etc. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 6269.

DENT/Phoenix, Book Publishers require secretary for Publicity Department. 5 day week, staff restaurant. Holiday arrangements respected. Apply to the Publicity Manager, J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd, 10/13 Bedford Street, WC2.

THE Council of Repertory Theatres offers an opportunity to train for Theatre Management. Details sent on application to – The Secretary, Repertory Theatre, Colchester, Essex.

REQUIRED for women's club & transit hostel central Manchester, Secretary with administrative experience and knowledge of social work. Resident or non-resident. Salary from £525 p.a. 6 weeks' holiday. Apply YWCA National Offices, 108 Baker St, W1.

SECRETARY required by Publisher. Intelligent, young, energetic (preferably with publishing experience). Good wage; three weeks' holiday; L.V.'s; Pension (if you survive), Life Insurance (if you don't). Apply Box 6197.

PUBLISHING Director requires Secretary; calm, capable, confident; age immaterial. Box 6265.

SECRETARIAL Assistant (part-time, 5 mornings p.w.) required by Faculty of Medical Sciences at University College London (Gower St, WC1). Must be competent shorthand-typist. Interesting work. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

MONEY, money, burning bright in the pockets of the right-thinking people who join our American sales organization presenting a uniquely appealing children's educational program to US military families in Europe. If your interest is serious, please send résumé with inquiry to Box 6125.

SECRETARY wanted by small firm of Kensington Architects. Must be intelligent & well educated. Typing, filing etc. Shorthand not essential. Write stating salary required & experience to Architects, 11 Campden Hill Rd, W8, or phone WEStern 8483.

TECHNICAL Translator requires part-time audio-typist to work at home. Technical terminology not so important as availability and speed. Tulse Hill district preferred. Box 6106.

SHORTHAND-typist needed for interesting rehabilitation work. Civil Service rates and conditions. Particulars from Prison Welfare Officer, HM Prison, Pentonville, London, N7. Tel. NOR. 4767.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

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ROYAL Festival Hall. Sunday Film Season. 6 p.m. Comédie Française in Beaumarchais' play 'The Marriage of Figaro' (U) with music by Mozart. 8.30 p.m. Russian Colour Film of Dostoievsky's novel 'The Idiot' (U). Suns. only to 11 Sept. (ex. 21 Aug.) All seats bookable. WAT. 3191.

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EXHIBITIONS

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography, 12-9 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

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'PARIS in the Twenties' – Souvenirs of British, French and American writers from Sylvia Beach's Left Bank Bookshop. At the USIS Gallery, 41 Grosvenor Sq, London, W1. Closing 12 August. Monday-Friday. 9-6. Admission free.

FROM This Land. An exhibition of hand-made and rural craftwork from Britain and Eire. Until 13 August. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd, W1. MUSeum 1666.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond Street. Water-Colours and Drawings of Today. 7th Exhibition.

LEIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Road, W14. Exhibition illustrating the influence of the Pre-Raphaelite School on other artists of the period. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., 2 to 27 August.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. Summer Exhibition – Recent Acquisitions. 19th & 20th Century Drawings and Paintings.

CANALETTO Gallery – converted barge moored on Grand Union Canal facing 60 Blomfield Rd, W9 Tube Warwick Ave. Recent Paintings, Watercolours & Drawings by Phyl Nunn & Eugenie Camp. Until 20 August. Every day 11 a.m.-9 p.m.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Luther Pass, and Jolan Williams. Till 10 Aug. 10-6.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings by the Australian artist Arthur Boyd. 19 July-20 August.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Hitchens, Hilton, Frost, Heron, Wynter, Yeats. 10-6, Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Picasso: Gravures sur Linoleum 1958-60. Until 2 Sept. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Sculpture by Ronald Moody. Drawings, Patterns for Pottery. 25 July-13 Aug. 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

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QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Paintings & Drawings by Bruno Manini. Dly inc. Sats 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St, W1. Summer Exhibition 1960. De Stael: Soulages: Ernst: Manessier: Sutherland: Richards: Nicholson: Reynolds: Wilson: etc. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closes 1 Sept.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Dennis Potter on 'The Glittering Coffin', 7.30 p.m. Wed. 3 August, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 31 July, 6.30, Music and Readings. 7 p.m. 'The Necessary Radical': H. J. Blackham.

AN EVENING of Music – New Jewish Society, Wed. 3 August, Simon Marks Rm, YWCA, 108 Baker St, W1 at 8 p.m.

'KARMA: Action and Reaction'. Public lecture, 31 July, 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2.

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YES
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